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Within the Precincts.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE END OF THE DREAM.



CAPTAIN TEMPLE was an old soldier, whose habit it was to get up very early in the morning. He said afterwards that he had never got up so early as on that morning, feeling a certain pride in it, as showing the magical power of sympathy and tenderness. He woke before it was light. It had been raining in the night, and the morning was veiled with showers; when the light came at last, it was white and misty. He was ready to go out before anyone was stirring. Not a soul, not even the milkman, was astir in the Dean's

Walk. The blinds were still down over his neighbours' windows. The only one drawn up, he noticed in passing, was Lottie's. Was she too early, like himself? the question went through his mind as he passed. Poor child! her life was not a happy one, How different, he could

not help feeling, how different his own girl would have been had she but been spared to them! He shook his white head, though he was all alone, wailing, almost remonstrating, with Providence. How strange that the blessing should be with those who did not know how to prize it, while those who did were left desolate! The Captain's step rang through the silent place. There was no one about; the Abbey stood up grey and still with the morning mists softly breaking from about it, and here and there, behind and around, smoke rose from some homely roof, betraying the first signs of waking life. Captain Temple walked briskly to the Slopes; it was his favourite walk. He made one or two turns up and down all the length of the level promenade, thinking about her—how often she had come with him here: but lately she had avoided him. He paused when he had made two or three turns, and leaned over the low parapet-wall, looking down upon the misty landscape. The river ran swiftly at the foot of the hill, showing in a pale gleam here and there. The bare branches of the trees were all jewelled coldly with drops of rain. It began to drizzle again as he stood gazing over the misty wet champaign in the stillness of the early morning. He was the only conscious tenant of this wide world of earth and sky. Smoke was rising from the houses in the town, and a faint stir was beginning, but here on the hill there was no stir or waking movement, save only his own.

What was that? a sound—he turned round quickly—he could not tell what it was; was there someone about after all, someone else as early as himself? But he could see nobody. There was not a step nor a visible movement, but there was a sense of a human presence, a feeling of somebody near him. He turned round with an anxiety which he could not explain to himself. Why should he be anxious? but it pleased him afterwards to remember that all his sensations this morning were strange, uncalled for, beyond his own control. He peered anxiously about among the bushes and bare stems of the trees. At last it seemed to him that he saw something in the corner of the bench under the elm tree. He turned that way, now with his old heart beating, but altogether unprepared for the piteous sight that met his eyes. She was so slim, so slight, her dress so heavy and clinging with the rain, that a careless passer-by might never have seen her. He hurried to the place with a little cry. Her head drooped upon the rough wooden back of the seat, her hands were wrapped in her cloak, nothing visible of her but a face as white as death, and wet—was it with rain or with tears? Her eyes were closed, her long dark eyelashes drooping over her cheek. But for her frightful paleness she would have looked like a child who had lost its way, and cried itself to sleep. "Lottie," cried the old man; "Lottie!" But she made no response. She did not even open her eyes. Was she sleeping, or, good God——! He put his hand on her shoulder. "Lottie, Lottie, my dear child!" he cried into her ear. When after a while a deep sigh came from her breast, the old man could have wept for joy.

She was living then. He thought for a moment what was to be done; some help seemed indispensable to him; then rushed away down through the cloisters to the house of Mr. Ashford, which was one of the nearest. The Minor Canon was coming downstairs; he had something to do which called him out early. He paused in some surprise at the sight of his visitor, but Captain Temple stopped the question on his lips. "Will you come with me?" he cried; "come with me—I want you," and caught him by the sleeve in his eagerness. Mr. Ashford felt that there was that in the old man's haggard face which would not bear questioning. He followed him, scarcely able in the fulness of his strength to keep up with the nervous steps of his guide. "God knows if she has been there all night," the Captain said. "I cannot get her to move. And now the whole place will be astir. If I could get her home before anybody knows! They have driven her out of her sweet senses," he said, gasping for breath as he hurried along. "I came for you because you are her friend, and I could trust you. Oh, why is a jewel like that given to those who do not prize it, Mr. Ashford, and taken from those that do? Why is it? why is it? they have broken her heart." The Minor Canon asked no questions; he felt that he too knew by instinct what it was. The rain had come on more heavily, small and soft, without any appearance of storm, but penetrating and continuous. The Captain hurried on to the corner where he had left her. Lottie had moved her head; she had been roused by his first appeal from the stupor into which she had fallen; her eyes were open, her mind slowly coming, if not to itself, at least to some consciousness of the external world and her place in it. The instinct that so seldom abandons a woman, that of concealing her misery, had begun to dawn in her—the first sign of returning life.

"Lottie, Lottie, my dear child, you must not sit here in the rain. Come, my pet, come. We have come to fetch you. Come to your mother, or at least to one who will be like a mother. Come, my poor dear, come home with me." The old man was almost sobbing as he took into his her cold hands.

Lottie did her best to respond. She attempted to smile, she attempted to speak mechanically. "Yes," she said, under her breath; "I will come—directly. It is—raining." Her voice was almost gone; it was all they could do to make out what she said.

"And here is a kind friend who will give you his arm, who will help you along," said Captain Temple. He stopped short—frightened by the change that came over her face; an awful look of hope, of wonder woke in her eyes, which looked preternaturally large, luminous, and drowsy. She stirred in her seat, moving with a little moan of pain, and attempted to turn round to look behind her.

"Who is it?" she whispered. "Who is it? is it—you?"

Whom did she expect it to be? Mr. Ashford, greatly moved, stepped forward quickly and raised her from her seat. It was no time for politeness. He drew her arm within his, not looking at her. "Support her," he

said quickly to Captain Temple, "on the other side." The Minor Canon never looked at Lottie as he half carried her along that familiar way. He did not dare to spy into her secret, but he guessed at it. The hand which he drew through his arm held a letter. He knew none of the steps which had led to this, but he thought he knew what had happened. As for Captain Temple, he did not do much of his share of the work; he held her elbow with his trembling hand, and looked pitifully into her face, knowing nothing at all. "My poor dear," he said, "you shall not go back—you shall not be made miserable; you are mine now. I have found you, and I shall keep you, Lottie. It is not like a stepmother that my Mary will be. My love, we will say nothing about it, we will not blame anyone; but now you belong to me." What he said was as the babbling of a child to Lottie, and to the other who divined her; but they let him talk, and the old man seemed to himself to understand the position entirely. "They have driven her out of her senses," he said to his wife; "so far as I can see she has been out on the Slopes all night, sitting on that bench. She will be ill, she is sure to be ill—she is drenched to the skin. Think if it had been our own girl! But I will never let her go into the hands of those wretches again."

No one of the principal actors in this strange incident ever told the story, yet it was known all through the Abbey precincts in a few hours—with additions—that Captain Despard's new wife had driven her step-daughter out of the house by her ill-usage; turned her to the door, some said; and that the poor girl, distracted and solitary, had spent the night on the Slopes, in the cold, in the rain, and had been found there by Captain Temple. "When we were all in our comfortable beds," the good people cried with angry tears, and an indignation beyond words. Captain Despard came in from matins in a state of alarm indescribable, and besought his wife to keep indoors, not to allow herself to be seen. No one in the house had known of Lottie's absence during the night. She was supposed to be "sulky," as Polly called it, and shut up in her own room. When she did not appear at breakfast, indeed, there had been some surprise, and a slight consternation, but even then no very lively alarm. "She's gone off, as she said she would," Polly said, tossing her head; and the Captain had, though with some remorse and compunction, satisfied himself that it was only an escapade on Lottie's part, which would be explained by the post, or which Law would know about, or Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. Law had gone out early, before breakfast. It was natural to suppose he would know—or still more likely that his sister had gone with him, on some foolish walk, or other expedition. "I don't mean to hurt your feelings," Polly cried, "but I shouldn't break my heart, Harry, if they'd gone for good, and left us the house to ourselves." When Captain Despard came in from matins, however, the case was very different; he came in pale with shame and consternation, and ready to blame his wife for everything. "This is what has come of your nagging and your impudence," he said; and Polly flew to arms, as

was natural, and there was a hot and dangerous encounter. The Captain went out, swearing and fuming, recommending her if she prized her own safety not to show herself out of doors. "You will be mobbed," he said; "and you will well deserve it."

"I'm going to put my hat on," said Polly, "and let them all see what a coward you are, as won't stand up for your wife." But when he had slammed the door emphatically after him, Polly sat down and had a good cry, and did not put on her hat. Oh, what a foolish thing it is, she repeated, to marry a man with grown-up children! It was nature, and not anything she had done, that was in fault.

Lottie made no resistance when she found herself in Mrs. Temple's care. To have her wet things taken off, to have a hundred cares lavished upon her, as she lay aching and miserable in the bed that had been prepared for her, soothed her at least, if they did nothing more. Chilled in every bit of her body, chilled to her heart, the sensation of warmth, when at last it stole over her, broke a little the stony front of her wretchedness. She never knew how she had passed that miserable night. The fabric of her happiness had fallen down on every side, and crushed her. Her heart had been so confident, her hopes so certain. She had not doubted, as women so often do, or even thought it within the compass of possibility that Rollo could fail her. How could she suppose it? and, when it came, she was crushed to the ground. The earth seemed to have opened under her feet; everything failed her when that one thing in which all her faith was placed failed. She had sat through the darkness, not able to think, conscious of nothing but misery, not aware how the time was passing, taking no note of the coming of the night, or of the bewildering chimes from the Abbey of hour after hour and quarter after quarter. Quarter or hour, what did it matter to her? what did she know of the hurrying, flying time, or its stupefying measures? It began to rain, and she did not care. She cared for nothing—not the cold, nor the dark, nor the whispering of the night wind among the bare branches, the mysterious noises of the night. The pillars of the earth, the arch of the sweet sky had fallen. There was nothing in all the world but dismal failure and heart-break to Lottie. In the long vigil, even the cause of this horrible downfall seemed to fade out of her mind. The pain in her heart, the oppression of her brain, the failing of all things—hope, courage, faith—was all she was conscious of. Rollo—her thoughts avoided his name, as a man who is wounded shrinks from any touch; and at last everything had fallen into one stupor of misery. That it was the night which she was spending there, under the dark sky, just light enough to show the darker branches waving over it, the rain falling from it, Lottie was unconscious. She had nowhere to go, she had no wish to go anywhere; shelter was indifferent to her, and one place no more miserable than another. When Captain Temple roused her, there came vaguely to her mind a sense that her feelings must be hid, that she must try to be as other people, not betraying her own deso-

lation; and this was the feeling that again woke feebly in her when Mrs. Temple took her place by the bedside where Lottie was lying. She tried to make some feeble excuse, an excuse which in the desperation of her mind did not sound so artificial as it was. "I give you a great deal of trouble," she faltered.

"Oh, my dear," said Mrs. Temple, with tears, "do not say so; let me do what I can for you—only trust in me, trust in me."

Lottie could not trust in anyone. She tried to smile. She was past all confidences, past all revelation of herself or her trouble. And thus she lay for days, every limb aching with the exposure, her breathing difficult, her breast throbbing, her heart beating, her voice gone.

Downstairs there was many an anxious talk over her between the three most intimately concerned. The old Captain held by his simple idea that she had been driven from home by her stepmother, that idea which all the Abbey had adopted. The Minor Canon was not of that opinion. He came every day to ask for the patient, and would sit and listen to all they could tell him, and to the Captain's tirades against Polly. "I think there was something more than that," he would say. And Mrs. Temple looked at him with a look of understanding. "I think so too," she said. Mrs. Temple had disengaged out of Lottie's cold hand the letter which she had been grasping unawares. She had not been able to resist looking at it, telling herself that she ought to know what was the cause. These two alone had any idea of it, and no one spoke to Lottie, nor did she speak to anyone of the cause of her vigil. She lay in a silent paradise of warmth and rest, cared for and watched at every turn she made, as she had never been in her life before. And by degrees the pain stole out of her limbs, her cough was got under, and the fever in her veins subdued. Of two things only Lottie did not mend. Her heart seemed dead in her bosom, and her voice was gone. She could neither sing any more, nor be happy any more; these are things which neither doctor nor nurse can touch, but for all the rest her natural health and strength soon triumphed. Her brain, which had tottered for a moment, righted itself and regained its force. She had no fever, though everybody expected it. She did not fall into "a decline," as was universally thought. She got better, but she did not get happy, nor did she recover her voice. When she was able to be brought downstairs, the good people who had taken her up made a little *fête* of her recovery. Mr. Ashford was asked to dinner, and the room was filled with flowers, rare hothouse flowers, on which the old Captain spent a great deal more than he could afford to spend. "To please the poor child, my dear," he said apologetically; and Mrs. Temple had not a word to say. She winced still when in his simple way he would speak of "our own girl," but in her heart she made a kind of religion of Lottie, feeling sometimes, poor soul, as if she were thus heaping coals of fire, whatever they may be, upon the head—though it might be blasphemy to put it into words—of Him who had bereaved her. He had taken her child from her, and she had been

angry, and perhaps had sinned in the bitterness of her grief; but now here was a child who was His—for are not all the helpless His?—whom she would not cast from her, whom she would take to her bosom and cherish, to show Him (was it?) that she was more tender than even the Father of all. “Thou hast taken mine from me, but I have not closed my heart to thine,” was what, all unawares, the woman’s heart said; for she was angry still, being a mother, and unable to see why she should have been bereaved.

A few days after Lottie had begun to be brought downstairs (for this was done without any will of hers), a visit was paid to her which had no small effect upon her life. She was seated in the invalid’s place near the fire, a little table by her side with flowers on it, and a new book, and *Punch*, and the illustrated papers, all the little innocent *gâteries* of which the old Captain could think, the trifles which make the days of a happy convalescent sweet, and which Lottie tried hard to look as if she cared for; and with Mrs. Temple near her, watching her to see lest she should be too warm or too cold, lest she should want anything, with the anxious care of a mother. There was a prancing of horses outside the door, a tremendous knock, a rustle of silk, and wafting of perfume, and the door was opened and Mrs. Daventry announced. Augusta came in with a sweep which filled Mrs. Temple’s little drawing-room. There did not seem room for its legitimate inmates in that redundant presence. Mrs. Temple ran to her patient, thinking Lottie was about to faint, but she recovered herself enough to smile faintly at Augusta when she spoke, which was as much as she did to anyone. Augusta seated herself opposite the pale convalescent, her train falling round her in heavy masses—the one all wealth and commotion and importance, the other so pale, so slight in her weakness, her brown merino dress hanging loosely upon her. Mrs. Temple was not made much account of by the fine lady, who made her a slight salutation, half bow, half curtsy, and took no further notice of “the people of the house.”

“Well,” she said, “how are you, and what has been the matter? There are the most extraordinary stories told about you. I have come to find out what is really the matter, Lottie. Mamma wishes to know too. You know you were always a kind of favourite with mamma.”

“I will tell you about her illness,” said Mrs. Temple. “She is scarcely well enough yet to enter into details.”

“Oh,” said Augusta, gazing blankly upon the “person of the house,”—then she returned to Lottie again. “I don’t want you to enter into details; but they say the most extraordinary things; they say you were turned out of doors, and stayed all night on the Slopes—that, of course, can’t be true—but I wish you would tell me what is true, that I may give the right version of the story. Mamma is quite anxious to know.”

“Lottie, my dear, I will tell Mrs. Daventry,” said Mrs. Temple, “it is too much for you;” and she held her point and recounted her little story with a primness which suited her voice and manner. Many

were the demonstrations of impatience which the fine lady made, but it was not in her power to struggle against Mrs. Temple's determination. She turned to Lottie again as soon as the tale was told.

"Is that true? Only a very bad cold and influenza from getting wet? Oh, we heard a great deal more than that; and your voice—we heard you had quite lost your voice. I promised the Signor to inquire. He is quite anxious, he always thought so much of your voice. He is an odd man," said Augusta, giving a blow in passing, "he thinks so differently from other people about many things. I promised to find out for him all about it. Have you really, really lost your voice, as everybody says?"

It was curious that Lottie, who had never been concerned about her voice, who had never cared anything about it, who had not wanted to be a singer at all, should feel, even in the midst of the greater and deeper unhappiness that possessed her, a distinct sting of pain as she heard this question. Her paleness was flushed with a sudden painful colour. She looked at Mrs. Temple wistfully again.

"You can hear that she is hoarse," said Mrs. Temple; "a very common consequence of a cold. She has lost her voice for the moment, but we hope to find it again."

"I think she must be dumb altogether, as she never answers me," said Augusta fretfully. Then she tried another subject, with a triumphant certainty of success. "I don't know if you have heard of our trouble," she said, looking at her black dress. "You remember, Lottie, my cousin, Mr. Ridsdale? Oh, yes; you knew him a little, I think."

Once more Lottie's pale face flushed with painful overwhelming colour. She looked up with alarmed and troubled eyes.

"Oh, I see you remember him; he was such a flirt, he was always making himself agreeable to women. It did not matter who they were," said Augusta, fixing her eyes on her victim's face, "or what class of people, so long as they were at all nice-looking, or could sing, or draw, or anything. I remember I sent him out to try whether he could not hear you sing the very day I was married. He was another of the people who believed in you, Lottie. He did not hear you then, so he made mamma ask you, you remember. He had something to do with a new opera company, and he was always on the look-out for a new voice."

Once more Lottie turned her eyes upon Mrs. Temple, eyes full of anguish and wonder. Who else could she turn to?—not to the cruel executioner who sat opposite to her with a lurking smile about her heartless mouth. How cruel a woman can be with a fair face, and no signs of the savage in her! Augusta saw that her arrow had struck home, and was encouraged to do more.

"Oh, yes; he was in a great state about your voice. He said it would make his fortune and yours too. He was always ridiculously sanguine. You know how he used to flatter you, Lottie, and go to all your lessons. Oh, you must not tell me that you don't remember, for I could see you liked it. Well," said Augusta, who did not lose a single

change of colour, no quiver of her victim's lips, or flutter of her bosom, "that sort of thing is all over now. Oh, I daresay he will continue to take a great interest as an amateur; but his position is now entirely changed. My poor cousin Ridsdale, Rollo's eldest brother, was killed in the hunting-field about a fortnight ago. Such a shock for us all! but it has made a great change for Rollo. He is Lord Ridsdale now, and my uncle Courtland's heir. His servant came last Friday week to fetch some things he had left at the Deanery—for he had gone away for the day only, not knowing what had happened. Poor fellow; and yet, of course, though he was truly grieved and all that, it is great good fortune for him. We are not likely *now*," Augusta added with a faint smile, "to see much of him here."

Lottie did not say a word. She sat, no longer changing colour, perfectly pale, with the great blue eyes that had so expanded and dilated during her illness, fixed upon the vacant air. To hear him named was still something, and filled her with a sick excitement, an anguish of interest and agitation. After the long silence, after the cutting of all ties, after his cruel desertion of her, after the blow which had all but killed her, to hear of him had been something. Pain—yet a pain she was more eager to undergo than to meet any pleasure. But Lottie had not calculated upon the cruel, treacherous, yet careless blow which fell upon her now, upon her quivering wounds. To hear her voice, was that what it was? not to see her because he loved her, but to hear her singing. Till now she had at least had her past. He was false, and had forsaken her, she knew, but once he had loved her; the Rollo who gazed up in the moonlight at her window had still been hers, though another Rollo had betrayed her trust and broken her heart. But now! the blood ebbed away from her face, and seemed to fail from her heart; the beating of it grew confused and muffled in her ears. She gazed with her great eyes, all strained and pained with gazing, at nothing. To hear her sing, not seeking her, but only running after a new voice! She sat with her hands clasped upon her lap in a kind of piteous appeal, and sometimes would look at the one and then the other, asking them—was it true, could it be true?

"I must go," said Augusta, having fired her shot; "and I am glad to have such a good account of you. Only a bad cold, and a hoarseness, such as are quite common. Mamma will be pleased to hear, and so will the Signor. I can't tell him anything about your voice, because you have not let me hear it, Lottie. Oh, quite prudent—much the best thing not to use it, at all; though with an old friend, to be sure—you look rather ill, I am bound to say."

Lottie sat still in the same attitude after this cruel visitor was gone, all her thoughts going back upon that time, which after all was only a few months, yet which seemed her life. She had given him up, or rather she had accepted his abandonment of her without a struggle, without a hope; it had been to her as a doom out of heaven. She had not even

blamed him. It had killed her, she thought. She had not resisted, but it had killed her. Now, however, she could not submit. In her heart she fought wildly against this last, most cruel blow. He was not hers, he was cut off from her, by his own murderous hand; but to give up the lover who had loved her before he knew her, who had watched under her window and wiled her heart away, that she could not do. She fought against it passionately in her soul. The afternoon went on without a sound, nothing but the ashes softly falling from the fire, the soft movement of Mrs. Temple's arm as she worked; but the silence tingled all the time with the echo of Augusta's words, and with the hot conflict of recollections in her own heart, opposing and denying them. Mrs. Temple worked quietly by, and watched, divining something of the struggle, though she did not know what it was. At last all at once in the stillness the girl broke forth passionately: "Oh, no, no," she cried, "not that! I will not believe it. Not that; it is not true."

"What is not true, dear? tell me," her companion said, laying down her work, and coming forward with tender hands outstretched, and pity in her eyes.

"You heard her," Lottie said, "you heard her. That it was to hear me singing—that it was all for my voice. No, no, not that! It could not be—that was not true. You could not believe *that* was true."

And Lottie looked at her piteously, clasping her hands, entreating her with those pathetic eyes for a little comfort. "Not that, not that," she said. "My singing, was it likely? Oh, you cannot think *that*!" she cried.

Mrs. Temple did all she could to soothe her. "My poor child, it is all over—over and ended—what does it matter now?"

"It matters all the world to me," Lottie cried. Kind as her new guardian was, she could not understand that even when her happiness and her hopes were all crushed, it was a bitterness more exquisite, a sting the girl could not bear, to believe that her foundations had been sand, that she had been deluded from the beginning, that the love she trusted in had never been. This sting was so keen and sharp that it woke her from the apathy of despair that was creeping over her. She was roused to struggle, to a passion of resistance and denial. "How can anyone but I know how it was? It all came from that; without that I should never have thought—we should never have met. It was the beginning. How can anyone know but me?" she cried, contending as against some adversary. When the first strain of this conflict was over, she turned, faltering, to her kind guardian. "I had a letter," she said; "it was *the* letter. I cannot find it." She gave her a look of entreaty which went to Mrs. Temple's heart.

"I have got your letter, Lottie. I have it in my desk, put away. No one has seen it. Let me put it into the fire."

"Ah, no! perhaps there may be something in it, different from what I thought."

She held out her hands supplicating, and Mrs. Temple went to her

desk and took out an envelope. Within was something all stained and blurred. The rain had half washed the cruel words away. Once for all, as Rollo's last act and deed, and suicidal exit from this history, the letter shall be copied here. Imagine how Lottie had been sitting, all happiness and soft agitation and excitement, waiting for him, when this curt epistle came:—

"Dear Lottie,—An extraordinary change has happened in my life—not my doing, but that of Providence. It gives me new duties, and a new existence altogether. What we have been thinking of cannot be. It is impossible in every way. For me to do what I promised to you was, when we parted, a sacrifice which I was willing to make, but now is an impossibility. I am afraid you will feel this very much—and don't think I don't feel it; but it is an impossibility. I have things to do and a life to lead that makes it impossible. I hope soon someone will be raised up for you when you want it most, to give you the help and assistance I would so gladly have given. Could I but know that you assented to this, that you saw the reason for my conduct, I should be as happy as I now can ever be; and I hope that you will do so when you can look at it calmly. Farewell, dear Lottie; think of me with as little anger as you can; for it is not I, but Providence. Your voice will soon make you independent; it is only a momentary disappointment, I know, and I cannot help it. To do what we settled to do is now an impossibility—an impossibility. Dear Lottie, farewell! R. R."

Underneath, *Forgive me* was scrawled hastily, as if by an afterthought.

In the calm warm room, in the dull afternoon, under the eyes of her tender nurse, Lottie read over again this letter, which she had read with incredulous wonder, with stupefying misery, by the dim light of the evening under the black waving branches of the leafless trees. She gave a cry of anguish, of horror, of indignation and shame, and with trembling hands folded it up, and put it within its cover and thrust it back into Mrs. Temple's keeping. "Oh, take it, take it," she cried wildly—"keep it, it has killed me. Perhaps—perhaps! the other is true too."

CHAPTER XLIV.

APRÈS ?

LAW had been living a busy life at the time of this crisis and climax of his sister's existence. He had spent day after day in London, lost in that dangerous and unaccustomed delight of spending money, which is only tasted in its full flavour by those who are little accustomed to have any money to spend. Law was tempted by a hundred things which would have been no temptation at all to more experienced travellers—miracles of convenience and cheapness, calculated to smoothe the path of the emigrant, but which were apt on being bought to turn out both worthless and expensive—and many a day the young fellow came home penitent

blamed him. It had killed her, she thought. She had not resisted, but it had killed her. Now, however, she could not submit. In her heart she fought wildly against this last, most cruel blow. He was not hers, he was cut off from her, by his own murderous hand; but to give up the lover who had loved her before he knew her, who had watched under her window and wiled her heart away, that she could not do. She fought against it passionately in her soul. The afternoon went on without a sound, nothing but the ashes softly falling from the fire, the soft movement of Mrs. Temple's arm as she worked; but the silence tingled all the time with the echo of Augusta's words, and with the hot conflict of recollections in her own heart, opposing and denying them. Mrs. Temple worked quietly by, and watched, divining something of the struggle, though she did not know what it was. At last all at once in the stillness the girl broke forth passionately: "Oh, no, no," she cried, "not that! I will not believe it. Not that; it is not true."

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And Lottie looked at her piteously, clasping her hands, entreating her with those pathetic eyes for a little comfort. "Not that, not that," she said. "My singing, was it likely? Oh, you cannot think *that*!" she cried.

Mrs. Temple did all she could to soothe her. "My poor child, it is all over—over and ended—what does it matter now?"

"It matters all the world to me," Lottie cried. Kind as her new guardian was, she could not understand that even when her happiness and her hopes were all crushed, it was a bitterness more exquisite, a sting the girl could not bear, to believe that her foundations had been sand, that she had been deluded from the beginning, that the love she trusted in had never been. This sting was so keen and sharp that it woke her from the apathy of despair that was creeping over her. She was roused to struggle, to a passion of resistance and denial. "How can anyone but I know how it was? It all came from that; without that I should never have thought—we should never have met. It was the beginning. How can anyone know but me?" she cried, contending as against some adversary. When the first strain of this conflict was over, she turned, faltering, to her kind guardian. "I had a letter," she said; "it was *the* letter. I cannot find it." She gave her a look of entreaty which went to Mrs. Temple's heart.

"I have got your letter, Lottie. I have it in my desk, put away. No one has seen it. Let me put it into the fire."

"Ah, no! perhaps there may be something in it, different from what I thought."

She held out her hands supplicating, and Mrs. Temple went to her

desk and took out an envelope. Within was something all stained and blurred. The rain had half washed the cruel words away. Once for all, as Rollo's last act and deed, and suicidal exit from this history, the letter shall be copied here. Imagine how Lottie had been sitting, all happiness and soft agitation and excitement, waiting for him, when this curt epistle came:—

"Dear Lottie,—An extraordinary change has happened in my life—not my doing, but that of Providence. It gives me new duties, and a new existence altogether. What we have been thinking of cannot be. It is impossible in every way. For me to do what I promised to you was, when we parted, a sacrifice which I was willing to make, but now is an impossibility. I am afraid you will feel this very much—and don't think I don't feel it; but it is an impossibility. I have things to do and a life to lead that makes it impossible. I hope soon someone will be raised up for you when you want it most, to give you the help and assistance I would so gladly have given. Could I but know that you assented to this, that you saw the reason for my conduct, I should be as happy as I now can ever be; and I hope that you will do so when you can look at it calmly. Farewell, dear Lottie; think of me with as little anger as you can; for it is not I, but Providence. Your voice will soon make you independent; it is only a momentary disappointment, I know, and I cannot help it. To do what we settled to do is now an impossibility—an impossibility. Dear Lottie, farewell!

R. R."

Underneath, *Forgive me* was scrawled hastily, as if by an afterthought.

In the calm warm room, in the dull afternoon, under the eyes of her tender nurse, Lottie read over again this letter, which she had read with incredulous wonder, with stupefying misery, by the dim light of the evening under the black waving branches of the leafless trees. She gave a cry of anguish, of horror, of indignation and shame, and with trembling hands folded it up, and put it within its cover and thrust it back into Mrs. Temple's keeping. "Oh, take it, take it," she cried wildly—"keep it, it has killed me. Perhaps—perhaps! the other is true too."

CHAPTER XLIV.

APRÈS?

Law had been living a busy life at the time of this crisis and climax of his sister's existence. He had spent day after day in London, lost in that dangerous and unaccustomed delight of spending money, which is only tasted in its full flavour by those who are little accustomed to have any money to spend. Law was tempted by a hundred things which would have been no temptation at all to more experienced travellers—miracles of convenience and cheapness, calculated to smoothe the path of the emigrant, but which were apt on being bought to turn out both worthless and expensive—and many a day the young fellow came home penitent

and troubled, though he started every morning with an ever-renewed confidence in his own wisdom. Lottie's sudden illness had checked these preparations in mid career. He had lost the ship in which he meant to have made his voyage, and though he bore the delay with Christian resignation, it was hard to keep from thinking sometimes that Lottie could not have chosen a worse moment for being ill—a little later, or a little earlier, neither would have mattered half so much—but at the very moment when he was about to sail! However, he allowed impartially that it was not his sister's fault, and did not deny her his sympathy. Law, however, had never been satisfied about the cause of her illness. He did not know why she should have sat out on the Slopes all night. Polly—he refused the idea that it was Polly. Mrs. Despard was bad enough, but not so bad as that; nor did Lottie care enough for the intruder to allow herself to be driven out in this way. But Law kept this conviction to himself, and outwardly accepted the story, not even asking any explanation from his sister. Whatever was the real reason, it was no doubt the same cause which kept her from listening to him when he had tried to tell her of the new step in his own career, and the unexpected liberality of the Minor Canon. "If it had but been he!" Law said to himself—for indeed he, who knew the value of money, never entertained any doubt as to Mr. Ashford's meaning in befriending him; he was a great deal more clear about this than Mr. Ashford himself.

He lost his passage by the ship with which he had originally intended to go. It was a great disappointment, but what could he do? He could not start off for the Antipodes when his sister might be dying. And as for his own affairs, they had not come to any satisfactory settlement. Instead of saying yes or no to his question to her, Emma, when he had seen her, had done everything a girl could do to make him change his intention. To make *him* change his intention!—the very idea of this filled him with fierce scorn. It was quite simple that she should make up her mind to leave everything she cared for, for love of him; but that he should change his purpose for love of her, was an idea so absurd that Law laughed at the simplicity of it. As well expect the Abbey tower to turn round with the wind as the weathercock did; but yet Law did not object to stroll down to the River Lane in the evenings, when he had nothing else to do, sometimes finding admission to the workroom when the mother was out of the way, demanding to know what was Emma's decision, and smiling at her entreaties. *She* cried, clasping her hands with much natural eloquence, while she tried to persuade him; but Law laughed.

"Are you coming with me?" he said—he gave no answer to the other suggestion—and by this time he had fully made up his mind that she did not mean to come, and was not very sorry. He had done his duty by her—he had not been false, nor separated himself from old friends when prosperity came; no one could say that of him. But still he was not sorry to make his start alone—to go out to the new world unencumbered. Nevertheless, though they both knew this was how it

would end, it still amused Law in his unoccupied evenings to do his little love-making at the corner of the River Lane, by the light of the dull lamp, and it pleased Emma to be made love to. They availed themselves of this diversion of the moment, though it often led to trouble, and sometimes to tears; and Emma for her part suffered many scoldings in consequence. The game, it is to be supposed, was worth the candle, though it was nothing but a game after all.

On the day after Mrs. Daventry's visit, Lottie sent for her brother. He found her no longer a languid invalid, but with a fire of fervid energy in her eyes.

"Law," she said, "I want you to tell me what you are going to do. You told me once, and I did not pay any attention. I had other—other things in my mind. Tell me now, Law."

Then he told her all that had happened, and all he had been doing. "It was your sense, Lottie, after all," he said. "You were always the one that had the sense. Who would have thought when I went to old Ashford to be coached, that he would come forward like this, and set me up for life? nor he wouldn't have done that much either," Law added, with a laugh, "but for you."

"Law," cried Lottie, with that fire in her eyes, "this was what we wanted all the time, though we did not know it. It was always an office I was thinking of—and that I would be your housekeeper—your servant if we were too poor to keep a servant; but this is far better. Now we are free—we have only each other in the world. When must we go?"

"We!" cried Law, completely taken aback. He looked at her with dismay. "You don't mean you are coming? You don't suppose I—can take you?"

"Yes," she cried, "yes," with strange vehemence. "Were we not always to be together. I never thought otherwise—that was always what I meant—until——"

"Ah," said Law, "that is just it—until! When you're very young," he continued, with great seriousness, "you think like that—yes, you think like that. A sister comes natural—you've always been used to her; but then, Lottie, you know as well as I do that don't last."

"Oh, yes—it lasts," cried Lottie; "other things come and go. You suppose you want something more—and then trouble comes, and you remember that there is nobody so near. Who could be so near? I know all you like and what is best for you, and we have always been together. Law, I have had things to make me unhappy—and I have no home, no place to live in."

"I thought," said Law, severely, "that they were very kind to you here."

"Kind! it is more than that," cried Lottie, her hot eyes moistening. "They are like—I do not know what they are like—like nothing but themselves; but I do not belong to them. What right have I to be here? and oh, Law, you don't know——. To walk about here again—

to live, where one has almost died—to see the same things—the place—where it all happened——”

Lottie was stopped by the gasp of weeping that came into her throat. She ended with a low cry of passionate pain. “I must go somewhere. I cannot stay here. We will go together, and work together; and some time, perhaps—some time—we shall not be unhappy, Law.”

“I am not unhappy now,” said the young man. “I don’t know why you should be so dismal. Many a fellow would give his ears to be in my place. But you—that’s quite a different thing. A man can go to many a place where he can’t drag his sister after him. Besides, you’ve got no outfit,” cried Law, delighted to find so simple a reason, “and no money to get one. Old Ashford has been awfully kind; but I don’t think it would be nice to draw him for an outfit for you. It wouldn’t be kind,” said Law, with a grin; “it would be like the engineer fellow in Shakespeare—burst with his own boiler. You know that would never do.”

“A woman does not need an outfit, as a man does,” said Lottie; “a woman can put up with anything. If you go away, what is to become of me? When you are young, whatever you may have had to make you unhappy, you cannot die when you please. That would be the easiest way of all—but it is not possible; you cannot die when you please.”

“Die—who wants to die?” said Law. “Don’t you know it’s wicked to talk so. Why, there’s your singing. You’ll be able to make a great deal more money than I ever shall; and of course you may come over starring to Australia when you’re a great singer; but it would be ruin to you now to go there. Don’t be carried away by it because I’m lucky just now, because it’s my turn,” he said; “everybody wants to hold on by a fellow when he’s in luck—but it is really you who are the lucky one of the family.”

“My voice is gone,” said Lottie, “my home is gone. I have nothing in the world but you. All I used to have a little hope in is over. There are only two of us in the world, brother and sister. What can I do but go with you? I have nobody but you.”

“Oh, that’s bosh,” said Law, getting up from his seat in impatience. “I don’t believe a word they say about your voice. You’ll see it’ll soon come back if you give it a chance; and as for having nobody but me, I never knew a girl that had so many friends—there’s these old Temples, and heaps of people; and it seems to me you may marry whoever you like all round. A girl has no right to turn up her nose at that. Besides, what made old Ashford so kind to me? You don’t find men doing that sort of thing for nothing in this world. I always think it’s kindest to speak out plain,” said Law, reddening, however, with a sense of cruelty, “not to take you in with pretending. Look here, Lottie. I can’t take you with me. I have got no more than I shall want for myself, and I may have to knock about a great deal there before I get anything. And to tell the truth,” said Law, reddening still more, “if I were to take a

woman with me, it would be more natural to take—someone else. A fellow expects to marry, to make himself comfortable, when he gets out there. Now you can't do that if you have a sister always dragging after you. I've told you this before, Lottie—you know I have. I don't want to hurt your feelings when you've been ill—but what can a fellow do? To say what you mean once for all, that is the best for both you and me."

Law made his exit abruptly when he had given forth this confession. He could say what was necessary boldly enough, but he did not like to face his sister's disappointment. It was a comfort to him to meet Mr. Ashford at the door.

"Lottie is upstairs," he said. "She wants me to take her with me, but I have told her I can't take her with me. I wish you would say a word to her."

Law rushed away with a secret chuckle when he had sent to his sister a new suitor to console her. If one lover proves unsatisfactory, what can be better than to replace him by another? Law felt himself bound in gratitude and honour to do all that he could for Mr. Ashford, who had been so kind to him; and was it not evidently the best thing—far the best thing for Lottie too?

The Minor Canon went upstairs with a little quickening of his pulse. He had been a great deal about Captain Temple's little house since the morning when he had brought Lottie there, and her name and the thought of her had been in his mind constantly. He had not defended himself against this preoccupation, for would it not have been churlish to put the poor girl out of his mind when she was so desolate, and had no other place belonging to her? Rather he had thrown open all his doors and taken in her poor pale image, and made a throne for her, deserted, helpless, abandoned as she was. A generous soul cannot take care of itself when a friend is in trouble. Mr. Ashford, who had been on the edge of the precipice, half consciously, for some time, holding himself back as he could, thinking as little about her as he could, now let himself go. He felt as the Quixotes of humanity are apt to feel, that nothing he could give her should be withheld now. If it did not do her any good, still it would be something—it was all he could do. He let himself go. He thought of her morning and night, cherishing her name in his heart. Poor Lottie—life and love had alike been traitors to her. "Though all men forsake thee, yet will not I," he said, as once was said rashly to a greater than man. What could he ever be to her, wrung as her heart was by another? but that did not matter. If it was any compensation to her, she should have his heart to do what she liked with. This was the sentiment in the mind of the Minor Canon, who ought, you will say, to have known better, but who never had been practical, as the reader knows. He went upstairs with his heart beating. How gladly he would have said a hundred words to her, and offered her all he had, to make up for the loss of that which she could not have. But what his generosity would have thrown at her feet, his delicacy forbade him to offer. Lottie,

in her disappointment and desertion (which he only divined, yet was certain of) was sacred to him. Mrs. Temple was absent about her household concerns, and there was nobody in the drawing-room upstairs except Lottie, who in her excitement and despair did not hear his step, nor think that anyone might be coming. She was walking about the room, with her hands clasped and strained against her breast, her weak steps full of feverish energy, her eyes glowing with a fire of despair. "What shall I do? what shall I do?" she was moaning in the anguish of her heart.

When Ernest Ashford opened the door, her back was turned to him, so that he heard this moan, and saw the passionate misery of her struggle, before she knew that he was there. When she saw him a momentary gleam of anger came over her face; then she put force upon herself, and dropped her hands by her side like a culprit, and tried to receive him as she ought. As she ought—for was not he her brother's benefactor, whom all this time she had been neglecting, not thanking him as he had a right to be thanked. The change from that anguish and despair which she had been indulging when alone, to the sudden softening of courtesy and compunction and gratitude which, after a pathetic momentary interval of struggling with herself, came over her face, was one of those sudden variations which had transported Rollo in the beginning of their acquaintance by its power of expression. But this change, which would have pleased the other, went to the heart of the Minor Canon, to whom Lottie had never appeared in the light of an actress or singer, but only as herself.

"Mr. Ashford," she said, faintly. "I wanted to see you—to thank you——"

She was trembling, and he came up to her tenderly—but with a tenderness that never betrayed its own character—grave and calm, for all that his heart was beating—and took her hand and arm into his, and led her to her chair. "You must not thank me for anything," he said.

"For Law——"

"No; not for Law. If it would give you any ease or any comfort, you should have everything I have. That is not saying much. You should have all I can do or think," he said, with a thrill in his voice, which was all that betrayed his emotion. "The misery of human things is that all I can do is not what you want, Lottie—and that what you want is out of my power."

He asked no permission to call her by her name; he was not aware he did it—nor was she.

"I want nothing," she said, with a passionate cry. "Oh, do not think I am so miserable and weak. I want nothing. Only, if Law could take me with him—take me away—to a new place—to a new life."

He sat down beside her, and softly pressed the hand which he held in his own. Yes, this was the misery of human things, as he said—he did not repeat the words, but they were in his face. That which she wanted

was not for her, nor was his desire for him ; other gifts might be thrown at their feet, and lie there unheeded, but not that for which they pined and were ready to die.

"Do you think it must not be?" she said. Lottie was willing to make him the judge of her fate—to allow him to decide for her how it was to be. Yes, but only in that way in which he was powerless. He smiled, with a sense of this irony, which is more tragic than any solemn verdict of fate.

"I do not think it could be," he said, "except with perfect consent and harmony ; and Law—does not wish it. He is like the rest of us. He does not care for what he can have, though another man might give his life for it. It is the way of the world."

"I am used to it," said Lottie, bowing her head ; "you need not say it is the way of the world to break it to me, Mr. Ashford. Oh, how well I ought to know ! I am used to being rejected. Papa, and Law, and——"

She put her hand over her hot eyes, but she did not mean to drop into self-pity. "Nobody cares to have me," she said after a moment, with the quiver of a smile on her lips. "I must make up my mind to it—and when you are young you cannot die whenever you please. I must do something for myself."

"That is it," said the Minor Canon, bitterly—"always the same ; between those you love and those that love you there is a great gulf ; therefore you must do something for yourself."

She looked at him wondering, with sad eyes. He was angry, but not with her—with life and fate ; and Lottie did not blush as she divined his secret. It was too serious for that. It was not her fault or his fault ; neither of them had done it or could mend it. Had she but known ! had he but known ! Now there was nothing to be done but to unite what little wisdom they had over the emergency, and decide what she was to do—for herself. Her father had no place for her in his house. Law would not have her with him ; her lover had forsaken her ; and to those who would have had her, who would have cherished her, there was no response in Lottie's heart. Yet here she stood with her problem of existence in her hands, to be solved somehow. She looked piteously at the man who loved her, but was her friend above all, silently asking that counsel of which she stood so much in need. What was she to do ?

Just then the door opened, and Mrs. Temple came in with Dr. Enderby, who had been kind to Lottie, as they all were, and who regulated everybody's health within the Precincts, from Lady Caroline downward. The good doctor, who had daughters of his own, looked with kind eyes upon the girl, who was so much less happy than they. He took her slender wrist into his hand, and looked into her luminous, over-clear eyes, wet with involuntary tears.

"She is looking a great deal better. She will soon be quite herself," he said cheerfully ; but winked his own eyelids to throw off something, which was involuntary too.

"Yes, yes," said Captain Temple, who had come in after him. "She will soon be quite herself; but you must give her her orders to stay with us, doctor. We want to be paid for nursing her—and now she will be able to run about on all our errands, and save us a great deal of trouble, and keep us happy with her pretty voice and her singing. Did you ever hear her sing, doctor? The Signor is very anxious about her. We must begin our lessons again, my pretty Lottie, as soon as ever the doctor gives leave."

Dr. Enderby looked very grave. "There is no hurry about that," he said; "let her have a little more time. The Signor must be content to wait."

Now Lottie had said, and they all had said, that her voice was gone; but when the doctor's face grew so grave, a cold chill struck to their hearts. She gave him a startled look of alarmed inquiry, she who had suddenly realised, now that all dreams were over, that question of existence which is the primitive question in this world. Before happiness, before love, before everything that makes life lovely, this mere ignoble foundation of a living, must come. When one is young, as Lottie said, one cannot die at one's own pleasure—and suddenly, just as she had got to realise that necessity, was it possible that this other loss was really coming too? She looked at him with anxious eyes, but he would not look at her, to give her any satisfaction; then she laid her hand softly on his arm.

"Doctor," she said, "tell me true—tell me the worst there is to tell. Shall I never have my voice again? is it gone, gone?"

"We must not ask such searching questions," said the doctor, with a smile. "We don't know anything about *never* in our profession. We know to-day, and perhaps to-morrow—something about them—but no more."

He tried to smile, feeling her gaze upon him, and made light of her question. But Lottie was not to be evaded. All the little colour there was ebbed out of her face.

"Shall I never sing again?" she said. "No—that is not what I mean; shall I never be able to sing as I did once? Is it over? Oh, doctor, tell me the truth, is that over too?"

They were all surrounding him with anxious faces. The doctor got up hurriedly and told them he had an appointment. "Do not try to sing," he said, "my dear," patting her on the shoulder. "It will be better for you, for a long time, if you do not even try;" and before anyone could speak again he had escaped, and was hurrying away.

When he was gone, Lottie sat still, half stupefied, yet quivering with pain and the horror of a new discovery. She could not speak at first. She looked round upon them with trembling lips, and great tears in her eyes. Then all at once she slid down upon her knees at Mrs. Temple's feet.

"Now all is gone," she said, "all is gone—not even *that* is left. Take me for your servant instead of the one that is going away. I can work—

I am not afraid to work. I know all the work of a house. Let me be your servant instead of the one who is going away."

"Oh, Lottie, hush, hush! are you not my child?" said Mrs. Temple, with a great outcry of weeping, clasping her shoulders and drawing the upturned face to her breast. But Lottie insisted gently and kept her position. In this thing at least she was not to be balked.

"Your servant," she said, "instead of the one that is going away. I am an honest girl, though they all cast me off. I cannot sing but I can work—your servant, or else I cannot be your child."

CHAPTER XLV.

CONCLUSION.

If this history had proposed to settle and bring to a dramatic conclusion even one single human life, the writer would falter here, feeling her task all unfulfilled; for what have we been able to do more than to bring our poor Lottie at the end of all things to a kind of dead-lock of all the possibilities of life? Such stoppages in the course of human affairs are, however, at least as common as a distinct climax or catastrophe. For one girl or boy whose life lies all fair before them after the first effort, how many are there who have to leave the chapter incomplete, and, turning their backs upon it, to try a second beginning, perhaps with less satisfaction, and certainly with a somewhat disturbed and broken hope! Lottie Despard had arrived at this point. Her love had not ended as happy loves end. It had been cut short by a cruel hand; her fabric of happiness had fallen to the ground; her visionary shelter, the house of her dreams, had crumbled about her, leaving nothing but bare walls and broken rafters. Her misery and dismay, the consternation of her young soul when, instead of that fair and pleasant future which was to be her resting-place, she found around her a miserable ruin, we have scarcely attempted to say. What words can tell such a convulsion and rending of earth and sky? She had believed in her lover, and in her love as something above the weakness of ordinary humanity. She had believed herself at last to have found in him the ideal after which she had sighed all her life. His generous ardour to help her whenever he found her in want of help, the enthusiasm of a love which she believed had been given at first sight, like the love the poets tell of, had filled Lottie's heart with all the sweetness of a perfect faith. Impossible to say how she had trusted in him, with what pure and perfect delight and approbation her soul had given itself up to him, glad beyond all expression not only to find him hers, but to have found him at all, the one man known to her for whom no excuse had to be made. The discovery that he was a traitor killed her morally—at least it seemed so to the poor girl when, all crushed and bleeding from a hundred wounds, she was taken to the house of her friends. But even that was

scarcely a more horrible blow than the stroke administered delicately by Augusta while still the injured soul had not staunched its own bleeding or recovered from the first mortal overthrow. The earth that had been so solid opened round her in yawning mouths of hell, leaving no ground to stand upon. There was nothing that was not changed. She had not only lost her future, which was all happiness, and in which she had believed like a child; but she had lost her past. She had been deceived; or, worse still, she had deceived herself, seeking her own overthrow. The knowledge that it had not been love that brought Rollo under her window first, that it was altogether another sentiment—*business*, regard for his own interests—seemed to throw upon herself the blame of all that came after. Soul and heart, the girl writhed under the consciousness of having thus anticipated and brought on her fate. So vain, so foolish, so easily deceived, who was in fault but herself? Those thoughts gave her a false strength, or feverish impassioned power for a time. It was her own doing. She had been the deceiver of herself.

But who could deliver her from the dying pangs of love in her heart, those longings which are unquenchable, those protestations of nature against loss, those visions of excuses that might still be made, and suggestions of impossible explanation which in her mind she knew to be impossible even while her fancy framed them? Sometimes Lottie would find herself dreaming unawares that someone else, not Rollo, had written that cruel letter; that it was not by his will he had left her to bear the brunt of her disappointment under the elm-tree; that it was a forgery, and he detained by some act of cruel treachery and deceit. Sometimes a flood of passionate longing and yearning would sweep over her—a longing only to see him, to hear his voice, to ask why, why he could have been so cruel. Love does not die in a moment, nor does it come to a violent end when the object is proved unworthy, as some people think. With Lottie it was a lingering and painful conclusion, full of memories, full of relencings; the ground that had been gained by days of painful self-suppression being lost by one sudden burst of remembrance, the sight of something that brought up before her one of the scenes that were past.

While this process was going on wistful looks were directed to Lottie's lonely path by more than one spectator. The household of the Signor was deeply moved by the hapless fate of the young lady for whom young Purcell sighed with unavailing faithfulness. He could not be made to see that it was unavailing, and the Signor, blinded by his partiality for his pupil, did not or would not see it; and, as was natural, Mrs. Purcell could not understand the possibility of any girl being indifferent to John's devotion. She thought Lottie's troubles would indeed be at an end, and her future happiness secured, if her eyes were but opened to his excellence. So strong was this feeling in the mind of the family that the Signor himself took the matter in hand, and sallied forth with the anxious sympathy of all the household to put the case before Captain Temple, who was now recognised as Lottie's guardian.

"In every country but England," the Signor said, "the friends arrange such matters. Surely it is much more judicious than the other way. There is some guarantee at least that it is not mere youthful folly. Now here is a young lady who is in very unfortunate circumstances, who has been obliged to leave her father's house——"

"I beg your pardon, Signor," said the Captain, trying hard to keep his temper, "but I do not think my house is a very bad exchange for Captain Despard's."

"Nobody who knows Captain Temple can have any doubt of that," the Signor said with a wave of his hand; "but what can her situation be in your house? You are not her relation. She has no claim, she has no right, nothing to depend upon; and if anything were to happen to you——"

"To be sure," said Captain Temple, with profound gravity, not untinctured with offence, "there is much to be said on that point. We are mortal like everybody else."

Explanations were not the Signor's strong point; he was wanting in tact everybody knew. "I am making a mess of it," he said, "as I always do. Captain Temple, you are a man of sense, you know that marriage is something more than a matter of sentiment. John Purcell is a very rising musician, there is nothing in our profession he may not hope for; he loves Miss Despard, and he could give her a home. Will you not recommend her to consider his suit, and be favourable to him? His origin perhaps is an objection—but he is a very good fellow, and he could provide for her."

Captain Temple kept his temper; he was always very proud of this afterwards. He bowed the Signor out, then came fuming upstairs to his wife. "Young Purcell!" he cried, "the house-keeper's son! as if all that was wanted was somebody to provide for her; but when a man has that taint of foreign notions," said the old Captain gravely, "nothing will wear it out."

Mrs. Temple did not respond as her husband would have wished. Indeed this was very often the case; she had not his quick impulses nor his ready speech. She said with a sigh, "I almost think the Signor is right. I wish we could do what he says. I know a man who is very fond of her, who would be very suitable, who would be sure to make her happy. I think if I could marry her to him I would take the responsibility; but she will not see it in the same light."

"Who is it? who is it?" Captain Temple said with lively curiosity. And when Mr. Ashford's name was mentioned to him, after some protestations of incredulity, he could find nothing to say but a fretful "Do you want to be rid of Lottie?" He for his part did not want to be rid of her. She was delightful to the old man. She walked with him and sat with him, and though she had not sufficiently recovered to talk much to him, yet she listened to him while he talked, which did almost as well. The old Chevalier was more happy than he had been since his own child married and went away from him. Why should Lottie be

married and carried away from him too, for no better reason than that a man could provide for her? This indeed was the weak point in Captain Temple's armour. He could not provide for his adopted daughter; but he was angry when this was suggested to him. He had got a new interest, a new pleasure in life, and he did not like the idea of dying and losing it. Why should not he live for years and keep the shelter of a father's roof over this girl, who was like his own?

As for the Minor Canon, it had only been when he took the girl home from her vigil on the Slopes that he allowed himself fully to confess the state of his feelings towards her. When he had drawn her hand within his arm and felt her light weight upon him, holding up by close clasping of his own, the soft arm which he held, the floodgates had opened. He knew very well by instinct and by observation that Lottie loved, not him, but another man. He felt very sure that what had happened had little to do with her stepmother but a great deal to do with her lover; and yet at that very moment, the most discouraging and hopeless, those gates opened and the stream flowed forth, and he no longer attempted any disguise either with himself or with Mrs. Temple, who saw through and through him. Law, whom nobody supposed to have any discrimination, had seen through and through him long ago. Law felt that it was not at all likely that any man would sacrifice so much money and trouble on *his* account; and indeed from the beginning of their acquaintance he had read in "old Ashford's" eye an expression of weakness of which the astute youth was very willing to take advantage. When, however, Mr. Ashford himself gained this point of making no further resistance, and attempting no further concealment, the acknowledgment to himself of the new sentiment, little hopeful as it was, had brought him a sense of happiness and freedom. Love in his heart was sweet, even though it had no return. It made life other than it had ever been. It opened possibilities which to the middle-aged Minor Canon had all been closed before. Handel may be a consolation or even a delight; and pupils, though neither consolatory nor delightful, at least keep a man from the sense that his life is useless; but neither of these things make up the sum of human requirements, nor do they help to reveal the *fin mot* of that mortal enigma which is more hard to solve than all the knots of philosophy. It seemed to Mr. Ashford when he gave up all resistance, and let this flood of tenderness for one creature take possession of his heart, that a sudden illumination had been given to him, a light that cleared up many difficult matters, and made the whole world more clear. With this lantern in his hand he thought he might even go back to tread the darker ways of the world with more fortitude and calm. The miseries of the poor seemed to him more bearable, the burdens of humanity less overwhelming. Why? but he could not have told why. Perhaps because life itself was more worth having, more beautiful, more divine with love in it; a poor man, though he was starving, could not be so poor with that to keep him alive. He remembered in his early experiences, when he had fled from the horrible mystery of want and pain, to have seen that other

presence which then he took no note of, in the poorest places—gleaming in the eyes of a woman, in a man's rough face, which knew no other enlightenment. This, then, was what it was. In the sweetness of the heavenly discovery perhaps he went too far, and felt in it the interpretation and compensation of all. Naturally, a man who has found a new happiness does exalt it above the dimensions of any human possession. It made the Minor Canon feel his own life too sheltered and peaceful, it made of him a man among other men. It seemed to him now that he wanted to go and help his brothers who were suffering, whose suffering had appalled him, from whom he had fled in excess of pity.

But he did not say one word of his love to Lottie, except those vague words which have been recorded. What was the use? She knew it as he knew it; and what could it matter? After the first impulse of speech, which was for her sake rather than his—to comfort her wounded pride, her sense of humiliation, if nothing else, by the knowledge that she was priceless to another if rejected by one—no desire to speak was in his mind. He surrounded her with every care he was permitted to give, with a thousand unexpressed tendernesses, with a kind of ideal worship, such as was most likely to soothe her wounds and to please her, at least, with a sense that she was beloved. In this way the winter went slowly on. Law did not sail till the early spring, being detained by the Minor Canon as he would, if he could, have detained a ray of sunshine that warmed her. And thus Lottie was surrounded by all the fairest semblances of life.

The fairest semblances! How often they collect about those who can derive no advantage from them! A good man loved her, but Lottie could not accept his love; the kindest domestic shelter was given to her, but she had no right to it—she was not the daughter of these kind people, and they would not make her their servant as she had asked them to do. Musing in her own mind over all that lay about her, this seemed the only true standing ground that she could hope for. Now that she wanted a way of living, a real occupation, her voice had failed her and she could not sing; now that she had the doors of marriage opened before her, her heart was too sick even to contemplate that possibility; now that she had a home where she was beloved, it was not her home but the house of a stranger. To all this she had no right. If they would let her be their servant, that would be true; if Mr. Ashford would see that she was not worth loving, that would be true; if she could take up the trade she had despised, in that there would be an honest refuge. All these things were out of her reach. She said nothing about the thoughts in her heart, but they burned within her; and nobody understood them, except perhaps Mr. Ashford, to whom she never confided them. Law thought her very well off indeed, and declared frankly that he would leave England with an easy mind: "You are one that will always fall on your feet," he said, with perfect satisfaction. Captain Despard even, who had at first resented the new arrangement of affairs, came at last in his finest manner and made very pretty speeches to Captain Temple and his

wife. "If, as I understand, my daughter's society is a real pleasure to you," he said, "I am always glad when I or mine can be of use to my neighbours, and certainly, my dear Madam, she shall stay. Indeed, in the present state of my domestic circumstances," he added, with a wave of his hand, not perceiving Captain Temple's angry eagerness to speak, which his wife subdued with a supplicating gesture, "I will not conceal from you that it is an ease to my mind to know that Lottie is among the friends of her own choice. My wife and she," Captain Despard said, with a little shrug of his shoulders—"we all know what ladies are, and that occasionally unpleasantnesses will occur—my wife and she have not got on together." Thus Lottie was left by those who belonged to her. And when she retired to the room that was her own in the new home—which was so like the little room in the old, but so much more dainty, with everything in it that the old people could think of to make her comfortable, and all the little decorations which a mother invents for her child—Lottie would stand in the midst of these evidences of love and kindness, and ask herself what she could do—she had never been so well off in her life, what could she do? She had "no claim" upon the Temples, as the Signor said, "no right" to their kindness. The Captain's niece, who lived in St. Michael's, looked at the interloper, as the nearest relative of a foolish old couple who were wasting their means upon a stranger might be excused for looking. What was she doing but living on their charity? What could she do? Oh, that she had now the voice which she had cared so little for when she had it! How strange, how strange it all seemed to her now! She had, she said to herself, a trade, an honest trade in her hands, and she had not cared for it, had struggled against its exercise, had not wished to qualify herself for its use; and now it was lost to her. This was the only thing that was Lottie's fault; the other strange paradoxes about her had come without any doing of hers. But the result of all was that, with love and kindness on every side, she had no place that belonged to her, no right to anything. After the kind people who were so good to her had gone to their rest, the girl would sit and think over this problem. What was she to do? To be obliged to think of this did her good; it took her mind away from the wounds of her heart, it brought in new objects—new thoughts. She could not dwell for ever, as a disengaged mind might have done, amid the ruined temples and palaces of her love; she could not sink to the ground, and conclude, as in happier circumstances a broken-hearted girl might have been tempted to do, that all was over. On the contrary, life not being over, nor any end procurable by means of hers, an entire world of new difficulties and troubles was brought in which Lottie had to meet, and, as she might, find a solution for.

On the day before Law's departure, which had been so often delayed, she went back to her father's house, under her brother's guardianship, to take away the few little possessions which remained there. Law had been a very faithful guardian of Lottie's little belongings. There was nothing that Polly would have liked better than to enter and rummage

through her step-daughter's things, searching for secrets through all the little drawers and boxes which Lottie had taken a girlish pleasure in keeping in good order. But Law had stood up like a dragon for his sister's property; and Captain Despard, who sometimes put himself on Lottie's side, by a certain *esprit de famille* against the wife, who, after all, was an alien and not one of them, supported Law. Thus the men of her family, though they had not hesitated to treat her carelessly and even harshly themselves, yet made a certain stand against the interference of any other. It was a day in early April when Lottie reluctantly went into her father's house on this errand. Polly was out; the house was vacant and quiet as when it had been her own, and it is not to be described with what a yearning the girl looked at the shabby furniture, the old piano, the faded rooms in which she had spent many a troubled and many a dull day, and beat her wings against the bars of her cage, and wished for a hundred things which were never to be hers. The reader knows how far Lottie had been from being happy: but yet she thought she had been happy, and that nothing better could have been desired than to be the household Providence, and "take care," as she called it, of her father and brother. All that was over. She could not bear to go into the little drawing-room, where *he* had visited her, where she had lived in such a world of dreams. Her heart beat as she went up the old stairs. She was far better off with the Temples, who could not pet or serve her enough; yet with what a yearning she came into the house which had once been hers, but in which now there was no place for her! In her own room, thanks to Law's care, she found everything as she had left it; and it is not to be told what anguish filled Lottie's breast as she looked at her little white dress, all carefully prepared for the event which was never to happen, and the little box with the bonnet which she had made in such sweet agitation and tumult of heart. And there was the pearl locket upon its white ribbon, her sole ornament. She gathered these things together and carried them, not letting even Law touch them, to her new home. She could not speak as she went up and shut herself in her room. A little fire was burning there, a luxury unknown to Lottie in the days when she was her own mistress, and no one cared how chilly she might be. Then with old Lear's "climbing sorrow" in her throat, she undid the little bit of maidenly finery for which she had so much wanted a sprig of orange blossom. It was a nothing, a little knot of tulle and ribbon—a piece of vanity not worthy a thought; so any moralist would have said who had seen Lottie stand speechless, tearless, a great sob in her throat, with the poor little bonnet in her hand. A bonnet, there is nothing tragic in that. She put it upon her fire and watched the light stuff flame and fall into sudden ashes. It was the affair of a moment; but those hopes, those prospects of which it had been the token, her life itself, with all that was beautiful in it, seemed ended too.

Then she sat down for the hundredth time and confronted the waste
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of darkness that was her life. What was she to do? Perhaps it was the final ending of her dream, symbolised by the destruction of that bit of tulle and ribbon, which moved her. For the first time her dreamy self-questions took a different tone. She asked herself, not what am I to do? but something more definite. Law was going away the next day, the only being except her father to whom she had any right, on whom she had any claim—going away in comfort, in high hope, as much as she could have desired for him. By whose doing? She had given up the care of Law, selfishly absorbed in her own hopes; and who was it who had taken her place and done the thing which Lottie had only wished and longed to do? She seemed to see him standing before her, with tenderness beyond words in his eyes. Always her good angel: how often he had interposed to help her!—from that early time at the Deanery when she had sung false in her agitation, and he had covered the error and beguiled her into the divine song which at that very moment she could hear thrilling all the air, pealing from the Abbey. Was it because this happened to be the afternoon anthem that she thought of that simple beginning of the Minor Canon's benefits? Never since had he failed her; though of all the people upon whom Lottie had no claim, he it was on whom she had the least claim. He had saved Law from his aimless idleness, and it was he who had awakened herself out of the miserable dream that had almost cost her her life. How could she repay him for all he had done for her? In one way, one only way. She shuddered, then stilled herself, and faced the thought with all the courage she had left. Marry him! If he would have her, if he wanted her, why should not she marry him? She trembled as the words came into her mind. It was not she that said them; something seemed to say them in her mind, without any will of hers. So good a man, so kind! Did it matter so much whether she liked it, whether she did not like it, so long as it pleased him? Perhaps this was not the right way in which such a calculation ought to be made, but Lottie did not think of that. At all times it had been easier for her to think of others than of herself. Only once had she pleased herself, and no good had come of it. Her heart began to beat with a heroic impulse. She was not worth his having, she whom everyone had cast off; but if he thought so? She shuddered, yet her heart rose high in her bosom. She would do her best, she would be a good wife, that would be within her power. She would serve him humbly, that he might forgive her for not loving him. She rose up to her feet unconsciously as this great resolution came upon her mind.

"Lottie," said Law at her door, "the service is over, and the Signor is practising. Come over to the Abbey with me. I'd like to wander about the old place a little the last night I am here. Come, it'll be something to think of," said Law, more moved than he liked to show, "when we're thousands of miles separate over the sea."

Lottie did not wait to be asked again. She hurried to him, glad to be thus delivered from the thoughts that were getting too much for her,

Long, long months had passed since the brother and sister had gone to church together, their close vicinity to the Abbey and its frequent services had broken up the old childish Sunday habits. And it was not going to church in the ordinary way, but only roaming through to the silent beautiful place all deserted, with the organ pealing through its silence. Law's heart was touched, though he was too successful and prosperous now to be easily moved. He strayed about the majestic stillness of the nave with tears in his eyes, thinking—this time to-morrow! This time to-morrow he would probably be prosaically ill or prosaically comfortable, and thinking little of what he left. But for the moment it seemed to Law that when he once was gone, his heart would turn, like that of any poet, to the sweet friends to whom that day he had said farewell.

The Abbey was altogether still except for the music. No one was about; the last ray of the westerly sun had got in among the canopy work over the stalls, and tangled itself there. Underneath the shadows of the evening were creeping dimly, and through the great vault the organ pealed. What bursts of wonderful sound, what glories in the highest, what quiverings of praise unspeakable! Lottie raised her face unawares to the gallery from which that music came. How her life had gone along with it, shaping itself to that high accompaniment! It had run through everything, delight and misery alike, good and evil. Her heart was moved already, and trembling under the touch of new impulses, resolutions, emotions. She stood still unawares, with her face turned that way, a new light coming upon it; once more the music got into her soul. With her head raised, her arms falling by her side, her heart going upwards in an ecstasy of sudden feeling, she stood spell-bound. She did not hear—how should she?—a whisper in the organ-loft, a noiseless change of music, nor see the anxious faces looking out upon her from among the fretwork of the carved screen. The torrent of sound changed; it breathed into a celestial softness of sorrow and hope; tears dropped liquid like a falling of rain; a counter stream of melody burst forth. Lottie did not know what she was doing, the spell upon her was broken. "I know that my Redeemer liveth:" she lifted up her voice and sang.

In the organ-loft there was a group which clustered together, scarcely venturing to breathe. The Signor was the one who had most command of himself. "I always knew it would come back," he said in sharp staccato syllables, as he played on. Young Purcell, who loved her, sat down in the shadow, and laughed and cried, blubbering not with dignity. The Minor Canon, who did not once take his eyes from her, waiting the moment that she might falter or want succour, watched, looking over the carved rail with a face lighted up like her own.

Thus was Lottie restored to Art: was it to Love too?

THE END.

Bodily Illness as a Mental Stimulant.

DURING special states of disease the mind sometimes develops faculties such as it does not possess when the body is in full health. Some of the abnormal qualities thus exhibited by the mind seem strikingly suggestive of the possible acquisition by the human race of similar powers under ordinary conditions. For this reason, though we fear there is no likelihood at present of any practical application of the knowledge we may obtain on this subject, it seems to us that there is considerable interest in examining the evidence afforded by the strange powers which the mind occasionally shows during diseases of the body, and especially during such diseases as are said, in unscientific but expressive language, to lower the tone of the nervous system.

We may begin by citing a case which seems exceedingly significant. Miss H. Martineau relates that a congenital idiot, who had lost his mother when he was less than two years old, when dying, "suddenly turned his head, looked bright and sensible, and exclaimed, in a tone never heard from him before, 'Oh my mother! how beautiful!'" and sank down again—dead." Dr. Carpenter cites this as a case of abnormal memory, illustrating his thesis that the basis of recollection "may be laid at a very early period of life." But the story seems to contain a deeper meaning. The poor idiot not only recalled a long-past time, a face that he had not seen for years except in dreams, but he gained for a moment a degree of intelligence which he had not possessed when in health. The quality of his brain was such, it appears, that with the ordinary activity of the circulation, the ordinary vitality of the organ, mental action was uncertain and feeble; but when the circulation had all but ceased, when the nervous powers were all but prostrate, the feeble brain, though it may have become no stronger actually, became relatively stronger, in such sort that for the time being, a mere moment before dissolution, the idiot became an intelligent being.

A somewhat similar case is on record in which an insane person, during that stage of typhus fever in which sane persons are apt to become delirious, became perfectly sane and reasonable, his insanity returning with returning health. Persons of strongest mind in health are often delirious for a short time before death. Since, then, the idiot in the same stage of approaching dissolution may become intelligent, while the insane may become sane under the conditions which make the sane become delirious, we recognise a relationship between the mental and bodily states which might be of considerable use in the treatment of mental diseases. It may well be that conditions of the nervous system which

are to be avoided by persons of normal mental qualities may be advantageously superinduced in the case of those of abnormally weak or abnormally violent mind. It is noteworthy that different conditions would seem to be necessary for the idiotic and for the insane, if the cases cited sufficed to afford basis for generalisation. For the idiot of Miss Martineau's story became intelligent during the intense depression of the bodily powers immediately preceding dissolution, whereas the insane person became sane during that height of fever when delirium commonly makes its appearance.

Sir H. Holland mentions a case which shows how great bodily depression may affect a person of ordinarily clear and powerful mind. "I descended on one and the same day," he says, "two very deep mines in the Hartz Mountains, remaining some hours under ground in each. While in the second mine, and exhausted both from fatigue and inanition, I felt the utter impossibility of talking longer with the German Inspector who accompanied me. Every German word and phrase deserted my recollection; and it was not until I had taken food and wine, and been some time at rest, that I regained them again."

A change in the mental condition is sometimes a sign of approaching serious illness, and is felt to be so by the person experiencing it. An American writer, Mr. Butterworth, quotes the following description given by a near relative of his who was suffering from extreme nervous debility. "I am in constant fear of insanity," she said, "and I wish I could be moved to some retreat for the insane. I understand my condition perfectly; my reason does not seem to be impaired; but I can think of *two things at the same time*. This is an indication of mental unsoundness and is a terror to me. I do not seem to have slept at all for the last six months. If I sleep, it must be in a succession of vivid dreams that destroy all impression of somnolence. Since I have been in this condition I seem to have a very vivid impression of what happens to my children who are away from home, and I am often startled to hear that these impressions are correct. I seem to have also a certain power of anticipating what one is about to say, and to read the motives of others. I take no pleasure in this strange increase of mental power; it is all unnatural. I cannot live in this state long, and I often wish I were dead."

It must, however, be remembered that persons who are in a state of extreme nervous debility, not only possess at times abnormal mental qualities, but are also affected morally. As Huxley has well remarked of some stories bearing on spiritualism, they come from persons who can hardly be trusted even according to their own account of themselves. Mr. Butterworth's relation described a mental condition which, even if quite correctly pictured as she understood it, may yet be explained without believing that any very marvellous increase had taken place in her mental powers. Among the vivid impressions which she constantly had of what might be happening to her children away from home, it would have been

strange if some had not been correct. The power of anticipating what others were about to say is one which many imagine they have, mistaking the occasional coincidence between their guesses and what has been next said, for indications of a power which in reality they do not possess. And so also with regard to the motives of others. Many are apt, especially when out of health, to guess at others' motives, sometimes rightly, but oftener very wrongly, yet always rightly in their own belief, no matter what evidence may presently appear to the contrary.

The case cited by Mr. Butterworth affords evidence rather of the unhealthy condition of the patient's mind than of abnormal powers, except as regards the power of thinking of two things at the same time, which we may fairly assume was not ordinarily possessed by his relative. It is rather difficult to define such a power, however. Several persons have apparently possessed the power, showing it by doing two things at the same time which both appear to require thought, and even close attention. Julius Cæsar, for example, could write on one subject and dictate on another simultaneously. But in reality, even in cases such as these, the mind does not think of two things at once. It simply takes them in turn, doing enough with each, in a short time, a mere instant, perhaps, to give work to the pen or to the voice, as the case may be, for a longer time. When Cæsar was writing a sentence, he was not necessarily thinking of what he was writing. He had done the thinking part of the work before; and was free, while continuing the mere mechanical process of writing, to think of matter for dictation to his secretary. So also while he was speaking he was free to think of matter for writing. If, indeed, the thought for each sentence of either kind had occupied an appreciable time, there would have been interruptions of his writing, if not of his dictation (dictation is not commonly a continuous process under any circumstances, even when shorthand writers take down the words). But a practised writer or speaker can in a moment form a sentence which shall occupy a minute in writing and several seconds in speaking.

The present writer, who certainly does not claim the power of thinking of two things at once (nay, believes that no one ever had or could have such a power), finds it perfectly easy, when lecturing, to arrange the plan for the next ten minutes' exposition of a scientific subject, and to adopt the words themselves for the next twenty seconds or so, while continuing to speak without the least interruption. He has also worked out a calculation on the black-board, while continuing to speak of matters outside the subject of the calculation. It is more a matter of habit than an indication of any mental power, natural or acquired, to speak or write sentences, even of considerable length, after the mind has passed on to other matters. In a similar way some persons can write different words with the right and left hands, and this, too, while speaking of other matters. (We have seen this done by Professor Morse, the American naturalist, whose two hands added words to the diagrams he had drawn while his voice dealt with other parts of the drawing: to add to the wonder, too, he

wrote the words indifferently from right to left or from left to right.) In reality the person who thus does two things at once is no more thinking of two things at once than a clock is, when the striking and the working machinery are both in action at the same time.*

As an illustration of special mental power shown in health, by a person whose mental condition in illness we shall consider afterwards, Sir Walter Scott may be mentioned. The account given by his amanuensis has seemed surprising to many, unfamiliar with the nature of literary composition (at least after long practice), but is in reality such as anyone who writes much can quite readily understand, or might even have known must necessarily be correct. "His thoughts," says the secretary to whom Scott dictated his *Life of Napoleon Buonaparte*, "flowed easily and felicitously, without any difficulty to lay hold of them or to find appropriate language" (which, by the way, is more than all would say who had read Scott's *Life of Buonaparte*, and certainly more than can be said of his secretary, unless it really was a familiar experience with him to be unable to lay hold of his thoughts). "This was evident by the absence of all solicitude (*miseria cogitandi*) from his countenance. He sat in his chair, from which he rose now and then, took a volume from the book-case, consulted it, and restored it to the shelf—all without intermission in the current of ideas, which continued to be delivered

* Since the above was written we have noticed a passage in Dr. Carpenter's *Mental Physiology*, p. 719, bearing on the matter we have been dealing with:—"The following statement recently made to the writer by a gentleman of high intelligence, the editor of a most important provincial newspaper, would be almost incredible, if cases somewhat similar were not already familiar to us:—'I was formerly,' he said, 'a reporter in the House of Commons; and it several times happened to me that, having fallen asleep from sheer fatigue towards the end of a debate, I had found, on awaking after a short interval of entire unconsciousness, that I had continued to note down correctly the speaker's words.' 'I believe,' he added, 'that this is not an uncommon experience among Parliamentary reporters.' The reading aloud with correct emphasis and intonation, or the performance of a piece of music, or (as in the case of Albert Smith) the recitation of a frequently-repeated composition, whilst the conscious mind is *entirely engrossed* in its own thoughts and feelings, may be thus accounted for without the supposition that the mind is actively engaged in two different operations at the same moment, which would seem tantamount to saying that there are two egos in the same organism." An instance in the writer's experience seems even more remarkable than the reporter's work during sleep, for he had but to continue a mechanical process, whereas in the writer's case there must have been thought. Late one evening at Cambridge the writer began a game of chess with a fellow-student (now a clergyman, and well known in chess circles). The writer was tired after a long day's rowing, but continued the game to the best of his ability until at a certain stage he fell asleep, or rather fell into a waking dream. At any rate all remembrance of what passed after that part of the game had entirely escaped him when he awoke or returned to consciousness about three in the morning. The chess-board was there, but the men were not as when the last conscious move was made. The opponent's king was checkmated. The writer supposed his opponent had set the men in this position either as a joke or in trying over some end game. But he was assured that the game had continued to the end, and that he (the writer) had won, apparently playing as if fully conscious! Of course he cannot certify this of his own knowledge.

with no less readiness than if his mind had been wholly occupied with the words he was uttering. It soon became apparent to me, however, that he was carrying on two distinct trains of thought, one of which was already arranged and in the act of being spoken, while at the same time he was in advance, considering what was afterwards to be said. This I discovered" (he should rather have said, "this I was led to infer") "by his sometimes introducing a word which was wholly out of place—*entertained* instead of *denied*, for example—but which I presently found to belong to the next sentence, perhaps four or five lines further on, which he had been preparing at the very moment when he gave me the words of the one that preceded it." In the same way the present writer has unconsciously substituted one word for another in lecturing, the word used always belonging to a later sentence than the word intended to be used. We have noticed also this peculiarity, that when a substitution of this kind has been once made, an effort is required to avoid repeating the mistake, even if it be not repeated quite unconsciously to the end of the discourse. In this way, for example, the writer once throughout an entire lecture used the word "heavens" for the word "screen" (the screen on which lantern pictures were shown). A similar peculiarity may be noticed with written errors. Thus in a treatise on a scientific subject, in which the utmost care had been given to minute points of detail, the present writer once wrote "seconds" for "minutes" throughout several pages—in fact, from the place where first the error was made, to the end of the chapter. (See the *first* edition of Proctor's *Transits of Venus*, pp. 131–136, noting as an additional peculiarity that the whole object of the chapter in which this mistake was made was to show how many minutes of difference existed between the occurrence of certain events.)

An even more curious instance of a mistake arising from doing one thing while thinking of another occurred to the writer fourteen years ago. He was correcting the proof-sheets of an astronomical treatise in which occurred these words: "Calling the mean distance of the earth 1, Saturn's mean distance is 9·539; again, calling the earth's period 1, Saturn's mean period is 29·457:—now what relation exists between these numbers 9·539 and 29·457 and their powers? The first is less than the second, but the square of the first is plainly greater than the second; we must therefore try higher powers, &c. &c." The passage was quite correct as it stood, and if the two processes by which the writer was correcting verbal errors and following the sense of the passage had been really continuous processes of thought, unquestionably the passage would have been left alone. If the passage had been erroneous and had been simply left in that condition the case would have been one only too familiar to those who have had occasion to correct proofs. But what the writer actually did was deliberately to make nonsense of the passage while improving the balance of the second sentence. He made it run, "the first is less than the second, but the square of the first is plainly greater than the square of the second," the absurdity of which statement a child

would detect. If the first proof in its correct form, with the incorrect correction carefully written down in the margin, had not existed when, several months later, the error was pointed out in the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, the writer would have felt sure that he had written the words wrongly at the outset. For blunders such as this are common enough. But that he should deliberately have taken a correctly worded sentence and altered it into utter absurdity he could not, but for the evidence, have believed to be possible. The case plainly shows that not only may two things be done at once when the mind, nevertheless, is thinking only of one, but that something may be done which suggests deliberate reflection when in reality the mind is elsewhere or not occupied at all. For in this case both the processes on which the writer was engaged were manifestly carried on without thought, one being purely mechanical and the other, though requiring thought if properly attended to, being so imperfectly effected as to show that no thought was given to it.

To return to Sir Walter Scott. It is known but too well that during the later years of his life there came with bodily prostration a great but not constant failure of his mental powers. Some of the phenomena presented during this part of his career are strikingly illustrative of abnormal mental action occurring even at times when the mental power is on the whole much weakened. *Lucy of Lammermoor*, though not one of the best of Scott's novels, is certainly far above such works as *Count Robert of Paris*, *The Betrothed*, and *Castle Dangerous*. Its popularity may perhaps be attributed chiefly to the deep interest of the "ower true tale" on which it is founded; but some of the characters are painted with exceeding skill. Lucy herself is almost a nonentity, and Edgar is little more than a gloomy, unpleasant man, made interesting only by the troubles which fall on him. But Ailsie Gourlay and Caleb Balderstone stand out from the canvas as if alive; they are as lifelike and natural, yet as thoroughly individualised, as Edie Ochiltree and Meg Merrilies. The novel neither suggested when it first appeared, nor has been regarded even after the facts became known, as suggesting that Scott, when he wrote it, was in ill-health. Yet it was produced under pressure of severe illness, and when Scott was at least in this sense unconscious, that nothing of what he said and did in connection with the work was remembered when he recovered. "The book," says James Ballantyne, "was not only written, but published, before Mr. Scott was able to rise from his bed; and he assured me that, when it was first put into his hands in a complete shape, he did not recollect one single incident, character, or conversation it contained! He did not desire me to understand, nor did I understand, that his illness had erased from his memory the original incidents of the story, with which he had been acquainted from his boyhood. These remained rooted where they had ever been; or, to speak more explicitly, he remembered the general facts of the existence of the father and mother, of the son and daughter, of the rival lovers, of the compulsory marriage, and the attack made by the bride upon the hapless

bridegroom, with the general catastrophe of the whole. *All these things he recollected*, just as he did before he took to his bed; *but he literally recollected nothing else*—not a single character woven by the romancer, not one of the many scenes and points of humour, not *anything with which he was himself connected*, as the writer of the work."

Later, when Scott was breaking down under severe and long-continued labour, and first felt the approach of the illness which ultimately ended in death, he experienced strange mental phenomena. In his diary for February 17, 1829, he notes that on the preceding day, at dinner, though in company with two or three old friends, he was haunted by "a sense of pre-existence," a confused idea that nothing that passed was said for the first time; that the same topics had been discussed, and that the same persons had expressed the same opinions before. "There was a vile sense of a want of reality in all that I did or said."

Dr. Reynolds related to Dr. Carpenter a case in which a Dissenting minister, who was in apparently sound health, was rendered apprehensive of brain-disease—though, as it seemed, without occasion—by a lapse of memory similar to that experienced by Sir Walter Scott. He "went through an entire pulpit service on a certain Sunday morning with the most perfect consistency—his choice of hymns and lessons, and his *extempore* prayer being all related to the subject of his sermon. On the following Sunday morning he went through the introductory part of the service in precisely the same manner—giving out the same hymns, reading the same lessons, and directing the *extempore* prayer in the same channel. He then gave out the same text and preached the very same sermon as he had done on the previous Sunday. When he came down from the pulpit, it was found that he had not the smallest remembrance of having gone through precisely the same service on the previous Sunday; and when he was assured of it, he felt considerable uneasiness lest his lapse of memory should indicate some impending attack of illness. None such, however, supervened; and no *rationale* can be given of this curious occurrence, the subject of it not being liable to fits of 'absence of mind' and not having had his thoughts engrossed at the time by any other special pre-occupation." It is possible that the explanation here is the simple one of mere coincidence. Whether this explanation is available or not would depend entirely on the question whether the preacher's memory was ordinarily trustworthy or not, whether in fact he would remember the arrangements, prayers, sermon, &c., he had given on any occasion. These matters becoming, after long habit, almost automatic, it might very well happen that the person going through such duties would remember them no longer and no better than one who had been present when they were performed, and who had not paid special attention to them. That if he had thus unconsciously carried out his duties on one Sunday he should (being to this degree forgetful) conduct them in precisely the same way on the next Sunday, would rather tend to show that his mental faculties were in excellent working order than the

reverse. Wendell Holmes tells a story which effectively illustrates our meaning; and he tells it so pleasantly (as usual) that we shall quote it unaltered. "Sometimes, but rarely," he says, "one may be caught making the same speech twice over, and yet be held blameless. Thus a certain lecturer" (Holmes himself, doubtless), "after performing in an inland city, where dwells a *littératrice* of note, was invited to meet her and others over the social tea-cup. She pleasantly referred to his many wanderings in his new occupation. 'Yes,' he replied, 'I am like the huma, the bird that never lights, being always in the cars, as he is always on the wing.' Years elapsed. The lecturer visited the same place once more for the same purpose. Another social cup after the lecture, and a second meeting with the distinguished lady. 'You are constantly going from place to place,' she said. 'Yes,' he answered, 'I am like the huma,' and finished the sentence as before. What horrors, when it flashed over him that he had made this fine speech, word for word, twice over! Yet it was not true, as the lady might perhaps have fairly inferred, that he had embellished his conversation with the huma daily during that whole interval of years. On the contrary, he had never once thought of the odious fowl until the recurrence of precisely the same circumstances brought up precisely the same idea." He was not in the slightest degree afraid of brain-disease. On the contrary, he considered the circumstance indicative of good order in the mental mechanism. "He ought to have been proud," says Holmes, speaking for him, and meaning no doubt that he was proud, "of the accuracy of his mental adjustments. *Given certain factors, and a sound brain should always evolve the same fixed product with the certainty of Babbage's calculating machine.*"

Somewhat akin to the unconscious recurrence of mental processes after considerable intervals of time is the tendency to imitate the actions of others as though sharing in their thoughts, and according to many *because* mind acts upon mind. This tendency, though not always associated with disease, is usually a sign of bodily illness. Dr. Carpenter mentions the following singular case, but rather as illustrating generally the influence of suggestions derived from external sources in determining the current of thought, than as showing how prone the thoughts are to run in undesirable currents when the body is out of health:—"During an epidemic of fever, in which an active delirium had been a common symptom, it was observed that many of the patients of one particular physician were possessed by a strong tendency to throw themselves out of the window, whilst no such tendency presented itself in unusual frequency in the practice of others. The author's informant, Dr. C., himself a distinguished professor in the university, explained the tendency of what had occurred within his own knowledge; he having been himself attacked by the fever, and having been under the care of this physician, his friend and colleague, Dr. A. Another of Dr. A's. patients, whom we shall call Mr. B., seems to have been the first to make the attempt in question; and impressed with the necessity of taking due

precautions, Dr. A. then visited Dr. C., *in whose hearing* he gave directions to have the windows properly secured, as Mr. B. had attempted to throw himself out. Now Dr. C. distinctly remembers, that although he had not previously experienced any such desire, it came upon him with great urgency as soon as ever the idea was thus suggested to him; his mind being just in that state of incipient delirium which is marked by the temporary dominance of some one idea, and by the want of volitional power to withdraw the attention from it. And he deemed it probable that, as Dr. A. went on to Mr. D., Mr. E., &c. and gave similar directions, a like desire would be excited in the minds of all those who might happen to be in the same impressible condition." The case is not only interesting as showing how the mind in disease receives certain impressions more strongly than in health, and in a sense may thus be said to possess for the time an abnormal power, but it affords a useful hint to doctors and nurses, who do not always (the latter indeed scarcely ever) consider the necessity of extreme caution when speaking about their patients and in their presence. It is probable that a considerable proportion of the accidents, fatal and otherwise, which have befallen delirious patients might be traced to incautious remarks made in their hearing by foolish nurses or forgetful doctors.

In some cases doctors have had to excite a strong antagonistic feeling against tendencies of this kind. Thus Zerffi relates that an English physician was once consulted by the mistress of a ladies' school where many girls had become liable to fits of hysterics. He tried several remedies, but in vain. At last, justly regarding the epidemic as arising from the influence of imagination on the weaker girls (one hysterical girl having infected the others), he determined to exert a stronger antagonistic influence on the weak minds of his patients. He therefore remarked casually to the mistress of the school, in the hearing of the girls, that he had now tried all methods but one, which he would try, as a last resource, when next he called—"the application of a red-hot iron to the spine of the patients so as to quiet their nervously-excited systems." "Strange to say," remarks Zerffi—meaning, no doubt, "it is hardly necessary to say that"—"the red-hot iron was never applied, for the hysterical attacks ceased as if by magic."

In another case mentioned by Zerffi, a revival mania in a large school near Cologne was similarly brought to an abrupt end. The Government sent an inspector. He found that the boys had visions of Christ, the Virgin, and departed saints. He threatened to close the school if these visions continued, and thus to exclude the students from all the prospects which their studies afforded them. "The effect was as magical as the red-hot iron remedy—the revivals ceased as if by magic."

The following singular cases are related in Zimmermann's *Solitude*:—A nun, in a very large convent in France, began to mew like a cat. At last all the nuns began to mew together every day at a certain time, and continued mewling for several hours together. This daily cat-concert

continued, until the nuns were informed that a company of soldiers was placed by the police before the entrance of the convent, and that the soldiers were provided with rods with which they would whip the nuns until they promised not to mew any more." . . . "In the fifteenth century, a nun in a German convent fell to biting her companions. In the course of a short time all the nuns of this convent began biting each other. The news of this infatuation among the nuns soon spread, and excited the same elsewhere; the biting mania passing from convent to convent through a great part of Germany. It afterwards visited the nunneries of Holland, and even spread as far as Rome." No suggestion of bodily disease is made in either case. But anyone who considers how utterly unnatural is the manner of life in monastic communities will not need the evidence derived from the spread of such preposterous habits to be assured that in convents the perfectly sane mind in a perfectly healthy body must be the exception rather than the rule.

The dancing mania, which spread through a large part of Europe in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, although it eventually attacked persons who were seemingly in robust health, yet had its origin in disease. Dr. Hecker, who has given the most complete account we have of this strange mania, in his *Epidemics of the Middle Ages*, says that when the disease was completely developed the attack commenced with epileptic convulsions. "Those affected fell to the ground senseless, panting and labouring for breath. They foamed at the mouth, and suddenly springing up began their dance amidst strange contortions. They formed circles hand in hand, and appearing to have lost all control over their senses continued dancing, regardless of the bystanders, for hours together, in wild delirium, until at length they fell to the ground in a state of exhaustion. They then complained of extreme oppression, and groaned as if in the agonies of death, until they were swathed in clothes bound tightly round their waists; upon which they again recovered, and remained free from complaint until the next attack. . . . While dancing they neither saw nor heard, being insensible to external impressions through the senses; but they were haunted by visions, their fancies conjuring up spirits, whose names they shrieked out; and some of them afterwards asserted that they felt as if they had been immersed in a stream of blood, which obliged them to leap so high. Others during the paroxysm saw the heavens open, and the Saviour enthroned with the Virgin Mary, according as the religious notions of the age were strangely and variously reflected in their imaginations." The epidemic attacked people of all stations, but especially those who led a sedentary life, such as shoemakers and tailors; yet even the most robust peasants finally yielded to it. They "abandoned their labours in the fields as if they were possessed by evil spirits, and those affected were seen assembling indiscriminately from time to time, at certain appointed places, and, unless prevented by the lookers-on, continued to dance without intermission, until their very last breath was expended. Their fury and

extravagance of demeanour so completely deprived them of their senses, that many of them dashed their brains out against the walls and corners of buildings, or rushed headlong into rapid rivers, where they found a watery grave. Roaring and foaming as they were, the bystanders could only succeed in restraining them by placing benches and chairs in their way, so that by the high leaps they were thus tempted to take, their strength might be exhausted. As soon as this was the case they fell, as it were, lifeless to the ground, and by very slow degrees recovered their strength. Many there were who even with all this exertion had not expended the violence of the tempest which raged within them; but awoke with newly revived powers and again and again mixed with the crowd of dancers; until at length the violent excitement of their disordered nerves was allayed by the great involuntary exertion of their limbs, and the mental disorder was calmed by the exhaustion of the body. The cure effected by these stormy attacks was in many cases so perfect, that some patients returned to the factory or plough, as if nothing had happened. Others, on the contrary, paid the penalty of their folly by so total a loss of power, that they could not regain their former health, even by the employment of the most strengthening remedies."

It may be doubted, perhaps, by some whether such instances as these illustrate so much the state to which the mind is reduced when the body is diseased, as the state to which the body is reduced when the mind is diseased, though, as we have seen, the dancing mania when fully developed followed always on bodily illness. In the cases we now have to deal with, the diseased condition of the body was unmistakable.

Mrs. Hemans on her deathbed said that it was impossible for imagination to picture or pen to describe the delightful visions which passed before her mind. They made her waking hours more delightful than those passed in sleep. It is evident that these visions had their origin in the processes of change affecting the substance of the brain as the disease of the body progressed. But it does not follow that the substance of the brain was undergoing changes necessarily tending to its ultimate decay and dissolution. Quite possibly the changes were such as might occur under the influence of suitable medicinal or stimulant substances, and without any subsequent ill effects. Dr. Richardson, in an interesting article on ether-drinking and extra-alcoholic intoxication (*Gentleman's Magazine* for October), makes a remark which suggests that the medical men of our day look forward to the discovery of means for obtaining some such influence over the action of the brain. After describing the action of methylic and ethylic ethers in his own case, he says: "They who have felt this condition, who have lived, as it were, in another life, however transitorily, are easily led to declare with Davy that 'nothing exists but thoughts! the universe is composed of impressions, ideas, pleasures, and pains!' I believe it is so, and that we might by scientific art, and there is such an art, learn to live altogether in a new sphere of impressions, ideas, pleasures, and pains."

"But stay," he adds, as if he had said too much, "I am anticipating, unconsciously, something else that is in my mind. The rest is silence; I must return to the world in which we now live, and which all know."

Mr. Butterworth mentions the case of the Rev. William Tennent, of Freehold, New Jersey, as illustrative of strange mental faculties possessed during disease. Tennent was supposed to be far gone in consumption. At last, after a protracted illness, he seemingly died, and preparations were made for his funeral. Not only were his friends deceived, but he was deceived himself, for he thought he was dead, and that his spirit had entered Paradise. "His soul, as he thought, was borne aloft to celestial altitudes, and was enraptured by visions of God and all the hosts of Heaven. He seemed to dwell in an enchanted region of limitless light and inconceivable splendour. At last an angel came to him and told him that he must go back. Darkness, like an overawing shadow, shut out the celestial glories; and, full of sudden horror, he uttered a deep groan. This dismal utterance was heard by those around him, and prevented him from being buried alive, after all the preparations had been made for the removal of the body."

We must not fall into the mistake of supposing, however, as many seem to do, that the visions seen under such conditions, or by ecstasies, really present truths of which the usual mental faculties could not become cognisant. We have heard such cases as the deathbed visions of Mrs. Hemans, and the trance visions of Tennent, urged as evidence in favour of special forms of doctrine. We have no thought of attacking these, but assuredly they derive no support from evidence of this sort. The dying Hindoo has visions which the Christian would certainly not regard as heaven-born. The Mahomedan sees the plains of Paradise, peopled by the houris of his heaven, but we do not on that account accept the Koran as the sole guide to religious truth. The fact is, that the visions pictured by the mind during the disease of the body, or in the ecstatic condition, have their birth in the mind itself, and take their form from the teachings with which that mind has been imbued. They may, indeed, seem utterly unlike those we should expect from the known character of the visionary, just as the thoughts of a dying man may be, and often are, very far removed from the objects which had occupied all his attention during the later years of his life. But if the history of the childhood and youth of an ecstatic could be fully known, or if (which is exceedingly unlikely) we could obtain a strictly truthful account of such matters from himself, we should find nearly every circumstance of his visions explained, or at least an explanation suggested. For, after all, much which would be necessary to exactly show the origin of all he saw, would be lost, since the brain retains impressions of many things of which the conscious memory has entirely passed away.

The vivid picturing of forgotten events of life is a familiar experience of the opium-eater. Thus De Quincey says: "The minutest incidents of childhood or forgotten scenes of later years, were often revived. I could

not be said to recollect them, for if I had been told of them when waking, I should not have been able to acknowledge them as part of my past experience. But placed as they were before me in dreams like intuitions, and clothed in all their evanescent circumstances and accompanying feelings, I recognised them instantaneously." A similar return of long-forgotten scenes and incidents to the mind may be noticed, though not to the same degree, when wine has been taken in moderate quantity after a long fast.

The effects of hachisch are specially interesting in this connection, because, unless a very powerful dose has been taken, the hachischin does not wholly lose the power of introspection, so that he is able afterwards to recall what has passed through his mind when he was under the influence of the drug. Now Moreau, in his interesting *Etudes Psychologiques (Du Hachich et d'Aliénation Mentale)*, says that the first result of a dose sufficient to produce the *hachisch fantasia* is a feeling of intense happiness. "It is really *happiness* which is produced by the hachisch; and by this simply an enjoyment entirely moral, and by no means sensual as we might be induced to suppose. This is surely a very curious circumstance; and some remarkable inferences might be drawn from it; this, for instance, among others—that every feeling of joy and gladness, even when the cause of it is exclusively moral—that those enjoyments which are least connected with material objects, the most spiritual, the most ideal, may be nothing else than sensations purely physical, developed in the interior of the system, as are those procured by hachisch. At least so far as relates to that of which we are internally conscious, there is no distinction between these two orders of sensations, in spite of the diversity in the causes to which they are due; for the hachisch-eater is happy, not like the gourmand or the famished man when satisfying his appetite, or the voluptuary in gratifying his amative desires, but like him who hears tidings which fill him with joy, like the miser counting his treasures, the gambler who is successful at play, or the ambitious man who is intoxicated with success."

Our special object, however, in noting the effects of opium and hachisch, is rather to note how the mental processes or faculties observed during certain states of disease may be produced artificially, than to enter into the considerations discussed by Dr. Moreau. It is singular that while the Mohamedan order of Hachischin (or Assassins) bring about by the use of their favourite drug such visions as accompany the progress of certain forms of disease, the Hindoo devotees called the Yogi are able to produce artificially the state of mind and body recognised in cataleptic patients. The less-advanced Yogi can only enter the state of abstraction called reverie; but the higher orders can simulate absolute inanition, the heart apparently ceasing to beat, the lungs to act, and the nerves to convey impressions to the brain, even though the body be subjected to processes which would cause extreme torture under ordinary conditions. "When in this state," says Carpenter, "the Yogi are supposed to be completely possessed by Brahma, 'the supreme soul,' and to be incapable

of sin in thought, word, or deed." It has been supposed that this was the state into which those entered who in old times were resorted to as oracles. But it has happened that in certain stages of disease the power of assuming the death-like state has been possessed for a time. Thus Colonel Townsend, who died in 1797, we read, had in his last sickness the extraordinary power of apparently dying and returning to life again at will. "I found his pulse sink gradually," says Dr. Cheyne, who attended him, "so that I could not feel it by the most exact or nice touch. Dr. Raymond could not detect the least motion of the heart, nor Dr. Skrine the least soil of the breath upon the bright mirror held to the mouth. We began to fear he was actually dead. He then began to breathe softly." Colonel Townsend repeated the experiment several times during his illness, and could always render himself insensible at will.

Lastly, we may mention a case, which, however, though illustrating in some degree the influence of bodily illness on the mind, shows still more strikingly how the mind may influence the body—that of Louise Lateau, the Belgian peasant. This girl had been prostrated by a long and exhausting illness, from which she recovered rapidly after receiving the sacrament. This circumstance made a strong impression on her mind. Her thoughts dwelt constantly on the circumstances attending the death of Christ. At length she noticed that, on every Friday, blood came from a spot in her left side. "In the course of a few months similar bleeding spots established themselves on the front and back of each hand, and on the upper surface of each foot, while a circle of small spots formed in the forehead, and the hæmorrhage from these recurred every Friday, sometimes to a considerable amount. About the same time, fits of ecstasy began to occur, commencing every Friday between eight and nine in the morning, and ending about six in the evening; interrupting her in conversation, in prayer, or in manual occupations. This state," says Dr. Carpenter, "appears to have been intermediate between that of the biologised and that of the hypnotised subject; for whilst as unconscious as the latter of all sense-impressions, she retained, like the former, a recollection of all that had passed through her mind during the ecstasy. She described herself as suddenly plunged into a vast flood of bright light, from which more or less distinct forms began to evolve themselves; and she then witnessed the several scenes of the Passion successively passing before her. She minutely described the cross and the vestments, the wounds, the crown of thorns about the head of the Saviour, and gave various details regarding the persons about the cross, the disciples, holy women, Jews and Roman soldiers. And the progress of her vision might be traced by the succession of actions she performed at various stages of it: most of these movements expressive of her own emotions, whilst regularly about three in the afternoon she extended her limbs in the form of a cross. The fit terminated with a state of extreme physical prostration; the pulse being scarcely perceptible, the breathing slow and feeble, and the whole surface bedewed with a cold perspiration. After

this state had continued for about ten minutes, a return to the normal condition rapidly took place."

There seems no reason for supposing that there was any deceit on the part of Louise Lateau herself, though that she was self-deceived no one can reasonably doubt. Of course many in Belgium, especially the more ignorant and superstitious (including large numbers of the clergy and of religious orders of men and women), believed that her ecstasies were miraculous, and no doubt she believed so herself. But none of the circumstances observed in her case, or related by her, were such as the physiologist would find any difficulty in accepting or explaining. Her visions were such as might have been expected in a person of her peculiar nervous organisation, weakened as her body had been by long illness, and her mind affected by what she regarded as her miraculous recovery. As to the transudation of blood from the skin, Dr. Tuke, in his *Illustrations of the Influence of the Mind upon the Body in Health and Disease* (p. 267), shows the phenomenon to be naturally explicable. It is a well-authenticated fact that under strong emotional excitement blood escapes through the perspiratory ducts, apparently through the rupture of the walls of the capillary passages of the skin.

We see, then, in Louise Lateau's case, how the mind affected by disease may acquire faculties not possessed during health, and how in turn the mind thus affected may influence the body so strangely as to suggest to ignorant or foolish persons the operation of supernatural agencies. Of the influence of the mind on the body, we may speak more fully on another occasion.

The general conclusion to which we seem led by the observed peculiarities in the mental faculties during disease is that the mind depends greatly on the state of the body for the co-ordination of its various powers. In health these are related in what may be called the normal manner. Faculties capable of great development under other conditions exist in moderate degree only, while probably, either consciously or unconsciously, certain faculties are held in control by others. But during illness faculties, not ordinarily used, suddenly or very rapidly acquire undue predominance, and controlling faculties usually effective are greatly weakened. Then for a while the mental capacity seems entirely changed. Powers supposed not to exist at all (for of mental faculties, as of certain other qualities, *de non existentibus et de non apparentibus eadem est ratio*) seem suddenly created, as if by a miracle. Faculties ordinarily so strong as to be considered characteristic seem suddenly destroyed, since they no longer produce any perceptible effect. Or, as Brown-Séquard says, summing up the results of a number of illustrative cases described in a course of lectures delivered in Boston: "It would seem that the mind is largely dependent on physical conditions for the exercise of its faculties, and that its strength and most remarkable powers, as well as its apparent weakness, are often most clearly shown and recognised by some inequality of action in periods of disturbed and greatly impaired health."

Cobbett.

Is common with that of all men who, from the lowest origin and through the most extraordinary obstacles, have made their way to fame and power, the life of William Cobbett must at all times, and under all variations of opinion, derive a certain claim on our attention, from the purely human interest attaching to it. At the present day, however, it possesses something more than this. Many of the social and political questions which Cobbett was the first to raise in this country slumbered for a long time after his death, and have only recently reappeared. They have taken, indeed, a very different form from that which they wore in his hands, but they are essentially the same questions, and to Cobbett belongs the credit, for good or for evil, of having been the first to indicate their existence. It would be far beyond the scope of this article to consider these questions on their merits; but as entwined with the growth of a very uncommon character, they possess a collateral interest sufficient to excuse the introduction of them in an essay which is not political.

Cobbett was born at Farnham, in Surrey, on March 9, 1762. His father was the son of a day-labourer, but had risen himself into the position of a small occupier, and, according to the account given of him in the *Annual Register*, kept the public-house called the "Jolly Farmer." The grandfather, who had worked forty years for the same master, died before William Cobbett was born. Everyone, his grandson hopes, "will have the goodness to believe that he was no philosopher—neither was he a Deist—and all his children were born in wedlock. The legacies he left were his scythe, his reap-hook, and his flail." His grandmother he remembered well, who lived "in a little thatched cottage with a garden before the door. It had but two windows; a damson tree shaded one, and a clump of filberts the other. Here I and my brother went every Christmas and Whitsuntide to spend a week or two, and torment the poor old woman with our noise and dilapidations. She used to give us milk and bread for breakfast, an apple pudding for dinner, and bread and cheese for supper. Her fire was made of turf cut from the neighbouring heath, and her evening light was a rush dipped in grease." As soon as the boy William was old enough to be useful on the farm, he was set to work. Scaring birds was of course his first occupation; and he was sent into the field with his wooden bottle and his satchel when he was hardly big enough to climb the gates and stiles. Here he remained the whole day, finding it, as he tells us, a task of infinite difficulty to get home at night. Had a commission been appointed in those days to

inquire into the condition of agricultural children, would this have been accounted cruelty? Cobbett, at all events, thrived under the system. In due time he was set to weed wheat, then to lead a horse at harrowing; and eventually he joined the reapers at harvest, and rose to the dignity of driving the team, and holding the plough. "Honest pride and happy days!" says he. Cobbett, however, even at this early age, appears to have been more alive to the beauties of nature than most children of his class or perhaps of any other class. He remembered the pleasure that he took when a very little boy in the birds and the flowers, in the primroses and blue-bells clustering on the hedge banks, and the song of the linnets in the spreading trees above his head. He was also, as he continued through life, keenly alive to the sports of the field, and at the cry of the hounds used to start from his work and dash after them wherever they led him. When he was about fourteen he accompanied his father to Weyhill fair, and heard the *London Gazette* read out at supper announcing the taking of Long Island by the British. But it was not till he was more than twenty that his mind was really stirred to look beyond the limits of his own happy valley, and to grow impatient of his homely life. In the autumn of 1782 he paid a visit to a relative who lived near Portsmouth, and his first view of the sea from the top of Portsdown Hill inspired him with a sudden longing to be a sailor. He went on board a man-of-war with that object, but the captain good-naturedly refused to take him, and he returned to the plough once more, but "spoiled for a farmer." His former amusement palled upon him, and to surpass his brothers in the labours of the field no longer satisfied his ambition.

At length, in May 1783, when he was dressed to go to a neighbouring fair in company with some village girls, he met the London coach just as he sallied from home, and, unable to resist the impulse of the moment, mounted to the roof and was soon deposited in London to make his own fortune. He descended from the coach almost penniless, for his little stock of money, consisting of a few crown and half-crown pieces, which he says he had been years in amassing, "melted away like snow before the sun when touched by the fingers of the innkeepers and their waiters." He was indebted for immediate shelter to the generosity of one of his fellow-travellers, a hop merchant, who had made the acquaintance of Cobbett's father at Weyhill. Through him he obtained a situation as clerk to an attorney in Gray's Inn, but finding this life intolerable, he enlisted in the 54th Regiment, and was soon on his way to Nova Scotia. Cobbett remained in the army for seven years, rose to the rank of sergeant-major, and obtained his discharge in 1791 with a very flattering testimonial from his major, Lord Edward Fitzgerald. These seven years are in some respects the most wonderful of Cobbett's life. There is no need to describe what a barrack-room was in those days. Yet with all the interruptions, distractions, and temptations to which every hour of his leisure was necessarily exposed, he steadily applied himself to the work of self-education. He procured a *Louth's English Grammar*, to which, says

he, "I applied myself with unceasing assiduity. . . . The pains I took cannot be described; I wrote the whole grammar out two or three times; I got it by heart. I repeated it every morning and every evening, and when on guard, I imposed on myself the task of saying it all over once every time I was posted sentinel." At the same time he was reading *Watts' Logic*, and books on rhetoric and geometry, the authors of which he afterwards forgot. He had read a little in general literature besides; and used to boast that he was a much better educated man than "the frivolous dunces" who came from Westminster and Eton. But for the want of the training to be got at these despised institutions, Cobbett, in the judgment of Lord Dalling, never did himself justice in the arena of political philosophy. Undoubtedly, with the advantages of a regular education he would have been less violent, less coarse, and less really superficial than he was. But whether his influence with the public would have been any the greater on that account may reasonably be doubted. It was the simplicity and directness of his writings which made them so popular and so powerful; and these are not always reconcilable with the study of first principles, the investigation of remote causes, and the analysis and comparison of complex and divergent products. Such as he was, however, he had made himself by these seven years of application, and the achievement is probably unique.

In February 1792, he married Anne Reid, a young woman who had saved some money in domestic service; and after trying his fortune as a bookseller and journalist in America, where he made himself famous in the town of Philadelphia under the *sobriquet* of "Peter Porcupine," he returned to England in the last year of the eighteenth century.

When Cobbett disembarked at Falmouth on the 8th of July, 1800, he brought back to England a Tory of the old school, in whom Bolingbroke and Barnard would have recognised a kindred spirit. Unfortunately, however, the Tories were at this time in power, and obnoxious to many of the same charges which the *Craftsman* used to bring against the Whigs. The great expense of government, the increase of the national debt, the depression of the landed interest, the growth of jobbery and corruption, &c. &c., stared Cobbett in the face when he returned from America as broadly as they did Bolingbroke when he returned from France. But the Tories were Cobbett's friends, and it was necessary that he should learn to distinguish between their principles and their practices. Of the former, however, he had no philosophical conceptions, and the latter offered by far the more tempting field for his peculiar talents. However, he did at first begin work as a supporter of the Government; nor do we know what authority Lord Dalling had for stating that Mr. Pitt's omission to take proper notice of him was one main cause of his defection. The evidence, which is supplied by Mr. Smith's *Biography*,* does not

* *William Cobbett: a Biography.* By Edward Smith. London: Sampson Low and Co. 1878.

corroborate this statement. There we find that as soon as Cobbett came to England, Mr. Windham, Pitt's Secretary at War, invited him to dinner; that he met on that occasion a company of distinguished men, including the Prime Minister himself; that the latter was extremely gracious to him; and that he left the table determined to start a daily paper and support the monarchy. He might at this time, if he had liked, had a Government paper as a free gift, which he owns would have been a valuable property. It is true, as Lord Dalling also points out, that the favour with which Mr. Pitt regarded the Roman Catholics told against him in the estimation of Cobbett, who at this period of his life was a staunch anti-Romanist and Churchman; but it could not have been this alone which prompted him to attack the Government. There is some reason to believe that Cobbett for a time may have fallen under the influence of those discontented Tories who resented Mr. Pitt's predominance, and the distance at which he kept his followers. At all events it is both amusing and interesting to find him in an early number of the *Political Register* gravely admonishing the minister for his neglect of the High Church clergy and his advancement of low-bred men to the first positions in the country. This was displeasing, he said, to the English people, who had always been accustomed to see political power in the hands of men of birth and station. In much the same spirit are his sneers at the other Tory writers of the day, among whom he was about to enrol himself. Many of them had written to him in America, and sent him their pamphlets, on the title-pages of which the word "esquire" always came after their names. He had letters at one time from four "squires" on his table. When he left England, he said, men used to give the name of squire to none but gentlemen of great landed estate, keeping their carriages, hounds, and so forth; so that his head was nearly turned by finding himself, who but ten years before "was clumping about in nailed shoes and a smock frock," on such intimate terms with four grandees of this rank. What was his astonishment, then, on coming to London, to find who these squires really were—mere pamphleteers and pensioners, and men of no origin at all! Among them all, he says, John Reeves and William Gifford were the only men of real talent; and these spent their lives "in upholding measures which they abhorred, and in eulogising men whom they despised." The rest of the crew, as he calls them, were "a low, talentless set," into which he dreaded the idea of falling, and he seems to wish us to believe that it was this feeling as much as any other which explains his alienation from Pitt. He gave him, however, a tolerably consistent general support till the Peace of Amiens. The *Porcupine*, a daily paper, appeared on the 30th of October, 1800, with the motto, "Fear God and honour the King," and must have been considered a ministerial journal. But the formation of the New Opposition, as it was called, led by Lord Grenville and Mr. Windham, marks the turning-point in Cobbett's life; and it was in the interests of this party that in January 1802 was published the first number of the

celebrated *Political Register*, which, according to the *Edinburgh Review*, exercised a greater influence on the lower middle class than any periodical which had ever yet been published in Britain.

The new party took its stand on the principle that no peace should have been made with Buonaparte till the balance of power was restored. Cobbett's letters to Addington on this subject are very powerful compositions, and must have tended very greatly to excite the war party in this country. But perhaps, in point of style and vigour, even these are surpassed by the "Important consideration for the people of this kingdom," which appeared in the *Register* on the 30th of July, 1803, after the declaration of war against France in the preceding May. The paper was sent round to all the clergy in the kingdom, with directions to post it on the church doors and to deposit copies in the pews. It is written in a style, no doubt, which has gone out of fashion; and that it was read with avidity and admiration at the time only shows the depth and strength of the emotions by which Englishmen were then stirred, and compared with which, anything we have since experienced has been as water unto wine. There is, in this remarkable composition, none of the glowing rhetoric and beautiful imagery of Burke; none of the florid generalities regarding life, property, and liberty, which are the stock-in-trade of ordinary writers on such occasions. Cobbett tells his readers in direct and explicit terms exactly what they have to expect, should England be subdued by France. He describes the effect of such an event upon our merchants and artisans, upon our farmers and peasantry, upon every class and every family in the community, with a graphic realism as if he had himself seen it. The whole address is hot with the white heat of intense conviction, too intense and too awful to permit of embellishment or ornament.

Cobbett, in a lecture delivered at Manchester in 1831, told his hearers that on the formation of the Grenville ministry in 1806 he might have been Under-Secretary for War when Windham became the head of that department. He refused it, he says, because Windham laughed at him when he said that the interest on the debt must be reduced. The reason assigned is so characteristic of Cobbett, that we can easily believe it; but there must have been something else to account for the sudden termination of their intimacy, which took place about the same time. The investigation of some abuses in the War Department, which Cobbett desired and Windham refused to grant, was not impossibly at the bottom of it. At all events, we find in Windham's diary for February 1806, the record of the last visit he ever paid to the office of the *Political Register*. And in 1809, when Cobbett was pouring daily broadsides into the Duke of York, we find an entry to the effect that he has all day been reading Cobbett, "more wicked and mischievous than ever." We have henceforth, therefore, to consider him as having completely broken away from his old connections: as having tried the Tory party, and found it wanting in all the qualities and principles which he deemed essential to the public

good. He could not, therefore, be a Tory: to be a Whig he was ashamed; and he therefore dubbed himself a Radical. In this capacity he very soon brought himself within the grasp of the law; and in the year 1810 he was convicted of publishing a seditious libel, calculated to encourage mutiny and to make the military service unpopular. For this offence he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Newgate and to pay a fine of 1,000*l*. The confinement neither hurt his health nor depressed his spirits, and the fine was paid for him by the generosity of friends, who at the same time advanced considerable sums for the payment of other liabilities.

Cobbett, with all his faults, was no hypocrite, and he was not the man to profess a magnanimity which he did not feel. He did not pretend to forgive his "persecutors." But, in the new corn-law, in the paper currency, and in the desperate distress of the working classes, he had plenty to write about, without trenching on deeper and more searching questions. Parliamentary Reform indeed he continued to demand loudly; but in all other respects he was widely different from the political party which bears the same name at the present day. As late as 1816 he writes to Sir Francis Burdett, "You want nothing new. You do not wish to deprive the Crown, the Church, or the aristocracy of any of their dignities or rights; you only wish that the people should have their own." So far from thinking that if the people had their own rights they would use them to attack the rights of others, he thought that in the people the gentry would find their best friends. He only rebuked these last for their madness in supporting the policy of the Government, which must inevitably end in the total estrangement of the people. All this was called radical and revolutionary at the time; and so obnoxious had Cobbett made himself to the ministry of the day, that when the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended in 1817, he fancied, perhaps with some truth, that his own liberty was in danger, and promptly betook himself to America. The *Political Register*, however, was kept up; but though its popularity and its profits were as large as ever, Cobbett's expenses had been so great, and his affairs had been so badly managed, that when he returned to England in 1819 he was unable to avoid bankruptcy.

Cobbett brought home from America with him the bones of Tom Paine, whose life he subsequently wrote, nor did he defend himself with much success against those who reminded him that he had once denounced Paine in language of ferocious vituperation. There was something, too, in the theatrical appearance of the act which made it ridiculous in the eyes of Englishmen. And altogether people were more disposed perhaps, at this period of his life, to believe stories to Cobbett's disadvantage than they had been at any previous time. Among other stories which obtained credence, he was accused of running from his creditors, and more particularly of an intention to cheat Sir Francis Burdett out of the 3,000*l*. which the latter had advanced on Cobbett's release from Newgate. Then, of course, when Cobbett accused Sir

Francis Burdett, in the *Political Register*, of lukewarmness in the cause of Reform, he exposed himself to counter-charges of ingratitude and inconsistency. Mr. Smith, his latest biographer, thinks the affair was creditable to neither; and on that footing we may safely let the matter rest.

At the first general election after the Reform Bill, Cobbett was nominated at the same time for both Oldham and Manchester, and was returned for the former borough in company with Mr. John Fielden. When he took his seat in the House of Commons he had all but completed his seventy-first year; and the time had long passed when he ought to have expected to distinguish himself in that assembly. That he did expect it, however, is clear from a conversation recorded by Sir John Malcolm in 1832. He had the satisfaction, however, of showing himself as he really was to the people who had long heard him described as a villain and a cut-throat. "They saw," says his biographer, "a fine, tall, hale old fellow, with a face sparkling with humour and a voice of surprising gentleness." But he was too old to learn the ways of the House, and he brought great ridicule on himself by moving that Sir Robert Peel's failures on the currency question deserved to be punished by his dismissal from the Privy Council. "Peel," says Greville in his diary, "has the following entry on the subject":—

May 19, 1833.—Peel compelled old Cobbett to bring on his motion for getting him erased from the Privy Council, which Cobbett wished to shirk from. He gave him a terrible dressing, and it all went off for Peel in the most flattering manner.

He succeeded rather better afterwards. But his time was drawing near. He was now an old man, used all his life to early hours, and the change in his habits began to tell upon him. In the spring of 1835 he caught cold, and when the new Parliament met he was obviously unequal to his work. He fought hard against the enemy; and as late as May 25 he made a speech on agricultural distress. But it was his last appearance, and on June 19 he was dead.

Cobbett was little understood during his own lifetime. Few people took the trouble to consider what truth might possibly be found underneath all his violent language and exaggerated statements. But his writings contributed in part to form the opinions of a future generation; and the seed which he sowed, though not visible above ground when he died, has born its fruit since. It is difficult, indeed, to disentangle the truth from the error both in his political and ecclesiastical views. Politically, one would say that he had really not changed at all, from the first formation of his opinions to the hour when the grave closed over him. He was always staunchly monarchical; and one object which he wished to see attained by Parliamentary reform was the destruction of party, so that the king should be able to choose his servants as he liked, without Parliament having anything to do with it. To the last he spoke of the rural aristocracy as the natural leaders of the people. "The

people of England," said he, "still remember—those who are old enough—how much they owed to the hospitality which formerly reigned throughout the country, and particularly in the mansions of the country gentlemen." To see these mansions in decay or occupied by the "new men," who had made their fortunes in trade or stock-jobbing, was gall and wormwood to him. The *Rural Rides and Drives*, published between 1821 and 1832, teem with demonstrations of this feeling. What in fact he wished to see was the restoration of the rural system of the eighteenth century, as it existed before the American War; as he had heard his father describe it; and as he himself no doubt, to some extent, remembered it. "I wish to see the people of England as they were at the time when I was born," he wrote. And so far from decrying feudalism and Catholicism, he seems to have thought that the two combined produced a happier England than we had seen for the last four hundred years; in fact, he says that England had reached her zenith in the reign of Edward III. And yet this man called himself, and was generally esteemed, a Radical. The age in which he lived was, it must be observed, as far as history is concerned, a somewhat narrow-minded age. The Tories looked only to the French Revolution; the Whigs only to the English. They regarded the effects which these events had produced on our laws and institutions. Neither investigated what lay below these questions—the effect, namely, which they had produced on the social condition of the people. Cobbett was the first to take it up: a man "*acerrimi ingenii sed paucarum literarum*": a half-educated, half-informed man, full of half-truths, who did almost more harm than good by the way in which he advocated them; but who nevertheless went to the root of the matter in certain social controversies which have recently come again to the front.

Let us take the description of Squire Charrington, in the *Rural Rides and Drives*, October 25, 1825.

Having done my business at Hartswood to-day about eleven o'clock, I went to a sale at a farm which the farmer is quitting. Here I had a view of what has long been going on all over the country. The farm, which belongs to Christ's Hospital, has been held by a man of the name of Charrington, in whose family the lease has been, I hear, a great number of years. The house is hidden by trees. It stands in the weald of Surrey, close by the river Mole, which is here a mere rivulet, though just below this house the rivulet supplies the very prettiest flour-mill I ever saw in my life. Everything about this house was formerly the scene of *plain manners and plentiful living*. Oak clothes' chests, oak bedsteads, oak chests of drawers, and oak tables to eat on—long, strong, and well supplied with joint stools. Some of the things were many hundreds of years old. But all appeared to be in a state of decay and nearly of disuse. There appeared to have been hardly any *family* in that house, where formerly there were, in all probability, from ten to fifteen men, boys, and maids; and, which was the worst of all, there was a *parlour*. Aye, and a carpet, and a bell-pull, too! One end of this once plain and substantial house had been moulded into a "parlour"; and there was the mahogany table, and the fine chairs, and the fine glass, and all as barefaced, upstart as any stock-jobber in the kingdom can boast of. And there were the decanters, the glasses, the dinner set of crockery ware, and all just in the true stock-jobber style. And I dare say it has been *Squire Charrington*

and the Miss Charringtons, and not plain Master Charrington and his son Hodge, and his daughter Betty Charrington all of whom this accursed system has, in all likelihood, transmuted into a species of mock gentlefolks, while it has ground the labourers down into real slaves.

Farmer Charrington sat at the head of the old oak table, and dined with his labourers, for whom he said grace, and carved the bacon and the pudding. The cup of strong beer was the only distinction then between master and man. Squire Charrington dined in his parlour and drunk wine by himself. The old oak table was deserted, and its former tenants banished to hovels and public-houses. Squire Charrington's brother, when a boy, drove the plough, and was not ashamed. Squire Charrington's sons are clerks in offices, and a great deal too fine for the farm. Cobbett calculates the thousands of scores of bacon, and thousands of bushels of bread which have been eaten on the oak table, and the reflection that it will probably be turned into a bridge over some artificial river in the garden of a cockney stock-jobber is too much for him. "By God, it shan't," he exclaims, and he commissions a friend to buy it for him, that he may set it up in his own house, and "keep it for the good it has done in the world."

One quotation is as good as a thousand, to show Cobbett's ideas on this subject. Small farms and small estates had been swallowed up by large ones; farmers had become mock gentlemen; and real gentlemen had been bought out by cockneys and stock-jobbers. This was the result of the national debt, superinducing taxation which the smaller proprietors were unable to bear; and the national debt in turn was the result of the glorious Revolution brought about by the Whig families lest a Catholic dynasty should compel them to disgorge their plunder. This was the simple creed of William Cobbett. Down to the breaking out of the American War, and during the earlier part of Mr. Pitt's administration, the Tories had really been the country party—the party which protested against the debt and upheld the claims of the landed interest against the newly-created moneyed class who maintained the credit of the Government. Cobbett therefore began life as a Tory, and saw in Mr. Pitt a Tory after his own heart. But when Mr. Pitt in an evil hour adopted the Whig system, Cobbett shook the dust off his feet against him. We cannot in these pages take up the political argument here suggested. The Revolution, like most other great changes of the same kind, was an event of a very blended character—

πολλὰ μὲν ἐσθλὰ μεμιγμένα, πολλὰ δὲ λυγρά.

But as it is admitted that at the end of George the Second's reign, the prosperity of the agricultural peasantry had reached its highest point, it seems hard to charge its subsequent decline upon the Revolution of 1688. Be this as it may, however, our sympathies are all with Cobbett, if our reason is against him. If we shut our eyes, and try to transport ourselves back into the little world in which his boyhood was passed in a

round of healthy occupations interspersed with plenty of amusements; in which poverty and discontent were unknown; where the relations between the gentry, the farmer, and the labourer were as yet unembittered; and where, like the needy knife-grinder, nobody vexed his soul with politics, we can appreciate the longing with which Cobbett looked back to it, and the feelings he entertained towards those whom he believed to have destroyed it.

Cobbett's regard for the landed gentry, however, was tempered by a doctrine which brings him into direct communication with the agrarian reformers of the present day. He saw that all landed estates were originally held upon trust, and on condition of military service. The "army estimates" accordingly were in those days a charge upon the land; and when this was abolished, though some show of an equivalent was set up, the aristocracy in reality transferred the greater part of their own obligations to the shoulders of the people. His theory on the subject of tithes dove-tailed into this view. The tithes, as originally granted to the Church, were held in trust for three purposes: one-third was to go to the support of a resident parish priest, one-third to the maintenance of the fabric and all its appurtenances, and the other third to the relief of the poor. By the malappropriation of the great tithes, the poor had been robbed of a fund distinctly set apart for their support. So that, looking at the two transactions together—the abolition, namely, of the feudal services and feudal dues by which the land in great part was made to support the monarchy, and the confiscation of the great tithes which were intended to relieve the poor—the student of history would be able to estimate the amount of wrong which had been inflicted on the labouring classes. As Cobbett grew older, his views of Church property enlarged. He came to adopt the very silly notion that the Church of England was a new religion created by an Act of Parliament, and that she had consequently no right to ecclesiastical property which had been originally bestowed on Roman Catholics. He proposed therefore that all Church property should be sold and the proceeds devoted to the payment of the national debt. If this were done, then the poor, by a rather roundabout process, would get some of that benefit from the charity of our pious forefathers which these had always meant them to receive.

Of Cobbett in private life he himself has left some very interesting glimpses in his *Advice to Young Men*—a book marked by much good sense, but too much like Swift's *Letter to a Young Married Lady* to be suitable for modern reading. He draws a picture of himself surrounded by his children in his garden at Botley, where the blackbirds and thrushes and white throats, and even goldfinches and skylarks, built their nests and reared their young as safe in the middle of half a dozen young children as they would have been in the wildest solitude. His letters are full of allusions to his greyhounds, his pointers, and his spaniels, and he was evidently a scientific courser. The river swarmed with fish, and he has

a net down from London in which he takes jack, trout, and salmon. Planting was the rural operation in which he took the most delight, and this he seems to have understood throughout. Botley, where Cobbett pitched his tent, is a village in Hampshire, about nine miles from Fareham, on the little river Hamble, where the present writer has had many a good day's partridge shooting: here he made for himself a rural home such as he thought an English yeoman's ought to be. He became proprietor of a small estate, part of which he farmed himself, and set an example of liberality to his labourers, which it would have been well if his neighbours had imitated, and which is still well remembered by a few old people in the village.

Here in his own house he was seen to the greatest advantage, and Miss Mitford has left us an account of a visit which she paid to him in 1807 in company with her father, who had been led into an intimacy with Cobbett by a mutual passion for greyhounds. She describes him as having something of the Dandie Dinmont look about him, "a tall, stout man, fair and sunburnt, with a bright smile and an air compounded of the soldier and the farmer," set off by "an eternal red waistcoat," very gentle in conversation, and never permitting, if he could help it, political subjects to be introduced.

He had at that time a large house at Botley with a lawn and a garden sweeping down to the Bursledon river. . . . His house, large, high, massive, red, and square, and perched on a considerable eminence, always struck me as being not unlike its proprietor. It was filled at that time almost to overflowing. Lord Cochrane was there, then in the very height of his warlike fame, and as unlike the common notion of a warrior as could be—a gentle, quiet, mild young man. There was a large fluctuating series of guests for the hour or guests for the day, of almost all ranks and descriptions, from the earl and his countess to the farmer and his dame. The house had room for all, and the hearts of the owners would have had room for three times the number. I never saw hospitality more genuine, more simple, or more thoroughly successful in the great end of hospitality—the putting everybody completely at ease. There was not the slightest attempt at finery, or display, or gentility. They called it a farm-house, and everything was in accordance with the largest idea of a great English yeoman of the old time. Everything was excellent, everything abundant, all served with the greatest nicety by trim waiting damsels; and everything went on with such quiet regularity, that of the large circle of guests not one could find himself in the way.

Here Cobbett, whose taste for manly sports, like Mr. Windham's and Lord Althorpe's, was in strange contrast with other features of his character, used to get up single-stick matches and distribute prizes. We do not hear, however, of his attending prize-fights, though a warm patron of the ring. But he defends both prize-fighting and bull-baiting in the *Political Register*, announcing that it was illegal to kill a bull for the consumption of the poor without first baiting him.

It was, of course, a great blow to himself and all his family when his sentence of imprisonment separated him for two years from everything he loved best. But he had his compensations. Every week or oftener

"a hamper" came up from Botley full of country produce, and the finest flowers which the children could gather in their gardens. These were accompanied by a letter from each child; and thus, says he, "while the 'ferocious tigers' thought me doomed to perpetual mortification, I found in these 'spuddling' letters a delight to which the callous hearts of the tigers were strangers." He thought that people brought up in the station of life to which he originally belonged were fonder of their children than others.

At Botley, in his best days, Cobbett entertained good company, and was rather popular than otherwise with the neighbouring squires and clergy. Here often came Lord Cochrane, who, in September 1806, we find "hard at work, a shooting;" Lord H. Stuart, Lord Folkestone, and other aristocratic admirers of Cobbett's character and abilities; but the neighbours began to look shy on him after his conviction; and the staunch Church and King Tories, among the lesser country gentry and the clergy, who thought "little Perceval" almost as great a man as Pitt, regarded with great disfavour the ruthless assailant of the minister. Cobbett repaid them with interest, and the breach soon became irreparable. Cobbett, however, was no friend to the Dissenters, and among many other gibes at their expense, the following, from the *Cottage Economy*, is perhaps the most amusing, as it bursts upon us quite unexpectedly. The scene is the labourer's cottage after the pig has been killed:—

The butcher the next day cuts the hog, and then the house is filled with meat! souse, griskins, blade bones, thigh bones, spare-ribs, chins, belly pieces, cheeks, all coming into use, one after the other, and the last of the latter not before the end of about four or five weeks. But about this time it is more than possible that the Methodist parson will pay you a visit. It is remarked in America that these gentry are attracted by the squeaking of the pigs, as the fox is by the cackling of the hen. This may be called slander, but I will tell you what I did know to happen. A good honest careful fellow had a spare-rib, on which he intended to sup with his family after a long and hard day's work at coppice cutting. Home he came at dark with his two little boys, each with a stick of wood that they had carried four miles, cheered with the thought of the repast that awaited them. In he went, found his wife, the Methodist parson, and a whole troop of the sisterhood, engaged in prayer, and on the table lay scattered the clean polished bones of the spare-rib!

Need we remind our readers of the inimitable description recalled by this anecdote of Miss Grisel Oldbuck, the Rev. Mr. Blattergowl, and the chicken-pie?

Cobbett remained at Botley five years longer. But in the "bad times" which followed the peace, farming was a losing concern. His own farm was no exception; and after his second return from America, in 1819, Botley was obliged to be sold, and his country home was broken up. He, however, made himself another near London, and resumed his usual habits of life with unflagging spirits. It was in the year immediately following the loss of Botley that he composed his *Rural Rides and Drives*—a book as fresh as the dew, and full of the most charming sketches of down and forest scenery by a real master of the picturesque.

We wander with him through cornfields, and meadows, and homesteads, and seem to catch the very fragrance of the new-mown hay or the long lush grass; to hear the creaking of the loaded waggons and the song of the harvest home; to catch the sound of the flail and the cackle of the poultry, as we pass by the snug farm-house encircled by its belt of ricks; and to scent the dank dead leaves in the midst of woodland glades such as greet us in the canvas of Linnell. It was in these years too that he wrote his *History of the Protestant Reformation*, which, wrong-headed as it may be in numerous particulars, is written in a style which rivets our attention to the book, and carries us along with the author in spite of the mental protest which we all along endeavour to maintain. Take the following passage, for instance:—

Go to the site of some once opulent convent. Look at the cloister, now become, in the hands of a rack-renter, the receptacle for dung, fodder, and faggot wood: see the hall, where for ages the widow, the orphan, the aged, and the stranger found a table ever spread: see a bit of its walls now helping to make a cattle shed, the rest having been hauled away to build a workhouse: recognise, in the side of a barn, a part of a once magnificent chapel; and if, chained to the spot by your melancholy musings, you be admonished of the approach of night by the voice of the screech owl, issuing from those arches, which once, at the same hour, resounded with the vespers of the monk, and which have for seven hundred years been assailed by storms and tempests in vain: if thus admonished of the necessity of seeking food, shelter, and a bed—lift your eyes and look at the white-washed and dry-rotten shell on the hill, called the "gentleman's house," and, apprised of the "board wages" and the spring guns, suddenly turn your head, jog away from the scene of devastation, with "Old English Hospitality" in your mind; reach the nearest inn, and there, in a room half lighted and half warmed, and with reception precisely proportioned to the length of your purse, sit down and listen to an account of the hypocritical pretences, the base motives, the tyrannical and bloody means, under which, from which, and by which that devastation was effected, and that hospitality banished for ever from the land.

This is passionate and persuasive rhetoric. Yet we cannot help suspecting that had Cobbett lived in those days he would have been a sharper thorn in the sides of these venerable brethren than he was even in the sides of their despoilers. As some men speak, so do others write, very much above themselves: that is to say, with a degree of excellence out of all proportion to the general range of their abilities. Such a man was Cobbett; and finding the effect which he created by his writings, he became puffed up with the most unconscionable sense of his own importance. Lord Macaulay, to compare great things with small, was a man of whom it may equally be said that *Materiem superabat opus*, and his fascinating style has made much miserable logic, and much erroneous narrative, pass muster as undeniable truth. At a long interval, Cobbett resembled him. His style was just as fascinating to one class of readers as Macaulay's to another; and truth and error were mixed in about equal proportions in the writings of both. But in Cobbett there are inconsistencies and absurdities into which the better trained mind of

Lord Macaulay never betrayed him : he is, in fact, a mass of contradictions. He thought highly of the feudal system, and regretted the expulsion of the Stuarts; yet he abused Sir Walter Scott's poems, which had done so much to rescue both from obloquy. We have seen him scolding Mr. Pitt for his preference of low men; reminding the English people of the virtues of the old country gentry, and lamenting the disappearance of the ancient families before the Ricardos, the Peels, and the Barings. Yet elsewhere we find him denouncing with all his energy the principle of "birth" and the belief that there could be any virtue in long descent. Now he complains that the land has been so heavily burdened that the ancient proprietors have been ruined; and now that it has escaped from its just liabilities, accepted with the original grants. At one time of his life he abhorred Parliamentary Reform and all who recommended it; and within a very few years, not more than five or six, he declared it to be the only thing which could save the country, and its champions the only men who deserved the confidence of the people. At one time the Church of England was a venerable and beneficent institution, against which it was sacrilege to raise a little finger; at another it was a selfish and dishonest sect, battenning on the ill-gotten gains which it had come by at the Reformation. Cobbett was the friend of Pitt, and he quarrelled with Pitt. He was the friend of Windham, and he quarrelled with Windham. He was the friend of Sir Francis Burdett, and he quarrelled with Sir Francis Burdett. But perhaps the most extraordinary instance of inconsistency, or as it is often called "tergiversation," which his writings supply, is afforded by the contrast between the Considerations for the people of England on the renewal of the war in 1803, to which we have already referred, and an article in the *Political Register* in 1807, in which he declaims against those who have fomented this terror of the French in terms which, had he been a serious instead of a comic satirist, Sydney Smith might have envied. Another very curious instance of the same infirmity, and drawn from a totally different subject matter, is the advice which he gives to young men never to trifle with the affections of a young woman, combined with the obvious fact that he himself did trifle with the affections of a young woman in America to a culpable extent, and that he tells the story of it in the same book, not indeed without some self-reproach, but with a degree of contrition wholly inadequate to the offence.

Cobbett was a keen observer of facts, and an acute reasoner on all that came immediately before his eyes. On all such questions he formed opinions corresponding to the strength of his character. But they had no roots in the soil, and faded one after another, to be replaced by new ones of a like transitory nature. He was able, from personal experience, to contrast the condition of the agricultural labourer in the beginning of the nineteenth century with what he remembered it in the middle of the eighteenth. And on this subject he is always to be trusted, and his

opinion never changed. He saw, too—what of course was equally undeniable—that the feudal system and the monastic system had saved the necessity of taxes and poor rates; and, delighted with his discovery, as a self-educated man naturally would be, he never paused to inquire what still greater evils had attached to these systems. The charges brought against the monks he dismisses with a sneer at the Church of England, and the abuses of feudalism are apparently beneath his notice. In the two systems he had got exactly what he wanted—a theme for declamation and picturesque description, and a field for the indulgence alike of his utilitarian and his imaginative tendencies. But when he came to the remedy for his wrongs, he either drifted from one idea to another, as the current of events bore him, or he merely expressed more violently what hundreds of other people were saying more moderately. His views on the currency and the Corn Laws, and speculation and corruption, were not peculiar to himself, though he was very anxious to have it thought so.

It is matter for regret that his egregious vanity, his habitual boastfulness, and the exaggerated violence of his language—(babbling slave—filthy scribbler—ferocious tiger—were among the mildest epithets he applied to everyone who differed from him)—should have combined to create a really erroneous impression of the man during his lifetime, and to perpetuate it after his death. There is no reason to doubt that Sir John Malcolm's account of his journey with him from Birmingham to Manchester, in 1832, is a perfectly correct narrative; and it certainly shows Cobbett in most offensive and most pitiable colours. It has been said, and probably with truth, that he owed many of both his good and bad qualities to Swift, for whose character and writing he never lost his early admiration, from the day when he spent his last threepence in buying the *Tale of a Tub*, which he read supperless under a haystack. Both suffered in their youth some wrongs at the hands of the great; and both, perhaps, entered public life with some bitterness of spirit. With the directness and simplicity of Swift's style, it is quite possible that Cobbett caught something both of his coarseness, and of his boisterous and bustling self-importance; but on the better, and gentler, and more poetic side of his character, he reminds one of another great writer with whom he has never been compared, and of whom he seems never to have heard. Both were born to the plough: both were Jacobites and Radicals; and both learned to write their mother tongue with a force and fire which has made them famous for ever. A really attentive study of Cobbett's works and character will persuade most people that I am guilty of no profanity in suggesting his resemblance to Burns. In conclusion: when we cast our eye back over his long life—consider what he was, what he suffered, and what he accomplished—we shall find some excuse for even his worst faults; while we shall admire still more the abilities which, in spite of these obstacles, bore him into the front rank of English prose writers.

The Revolution and the Stage in France.

WHETHER the dull and prosaic House of Hanover gave but little state support to the theatre, or whether it be that the Puritan triumph in the Revolution was even more complete and enduring than is generally supposed, it is certain that for some two centuries the stage has played a much less important part in English public life than in French. Even now, there is usually some political play among the bones of contention in Parisian society—for example, the two latest original plays brought out at the Français, *L'Ami Fritz* and *Jean Dacier*, awoke great discussion on political and very little on literary grounds; and the success of Sardou's brilliant *Rabagas* is not yet forgotten—nor forgiven.

And as the struggles of to-day are calm compared with the fight to the death of the first Revolution, we may expect that even *Rabagas* did not hit so hard as some of its predecessors of eighty years ago. It seems, perhaps, strange that English writers on French history have taken so little notice of the part played by the stage in the crisis of the first great series of struggles—say from 1789 to 1795; but their neglect is no doubt due to the fact that in England the influence and use of the theatre have for a very long time been underrated by serious writers. A revolution in a country where the drama is a power is sure to be heralded, and to be fought for and against, on the stage; and if it were not so in our English revolution, it was that the actors were all, and naturally, banded against the friends and supporters of Prynne, were crushed when the Parliament won, and earlier in the struggle could perhaps hardly have added to the constant ridicule and abuse which they had long poured upon "citizens" and Puritans—as distinguished from fine Court gentlemen.

In France it was different. Not only were the grumblings which preceded the final crash echoed in the comedies of the latter half of the eighteenth century—it has often been said the Revolution began in the *Mariage de Figaro*—but there exists a distinct revolutionary theatre: the *Charles IX* and *Tibère* of Marie-Joseph Chénier, *L'Ami des Lois* of Laya, *Le Vous et le Toi* of Aristide Valcour, and very many other pieces of greater or less importance;* and each party thought it necessary more than once to put down with a high hand such demonstrations of its opponents. It is most interesting to notice how the thin line

* A collection of the most characteristic of these works has just been published by M. Louis Moland. Many curious facts which I shall quote are taken from it, as are most of the plays I shall criticise.

of political plays follows the stream of popular thought, allying itself as a rule, with the side of humanity, whether that side be for the moment protesting against the oppression of kings, or the unmeasured cruelty of their destroyers; though now and again it becomes the mouthpiece of popular passion freed from its cruel chains, or the expression of the contempt felt even by the poorest honest folk for the scum of *parvenus* who (and it was only natural) rivalled the vices of the aristocrats and burlesqued their follies. Every bend in the course of the stream is indicated by these odd little works of a rather tawdry art, which have not yet altogether sunk, but may indicate to us where the currents raged most fiercely. Take the plays in M. Moland's well-chosen collection. Kings are schooled in *Charles IX*; the downfall of the priestly power is hailed with triumph in *Les Victimes Cloîtrées*; the misgivings of the Girondists find a voice in *L'Ami des Lois*; a yell of exultation at the punishment of tyranny rises from *Le Jugement Dernier des Rois*; *L'Intérieur des Comités Révolutionnaires* is a breath of relief after a briefer but even more terrible oppression; and lastly, in *Madame Angot*, quieter times returning, plain citizens are able to enjoy a laugh at those of their fellows whose sudden rise to prosperity has turned their heads.

A fair idea of what was the influence of the stage at this period, its nature and extent, can hardly be given more briefly or more effectively than by sketching these few representative plays, their character, the circumstances of their production, and their reception by the public, and by the successive governments of the time. Of their literary merits it will naturally not be needful to say much—one does not expect in *pièces de circonstance* great polish of dialogue or care in construction. Perhaps, however, the plays are, on the whole, rather better than one would be inclined to expect. The author of *Charles IX* was of course a man of high and genuine culture—the brother of perhaps the most classical poet France has ever produced. *Les Victimes Cloîtrées* is quite up to the average of melodramas—in conception of character even rises above it; and in both *L'Intérieur des Comités Révolutionnaires* and *Madame Angot* there is genuine humour. Great originality, of course, one does not look for in such pieces; and it is quite as well that one should not. It is noticeable that not one of these plays is by a dramatist of any note—even Chénier hardly enters the second rank of French tragedians.

Without more preface, then, let me give some description of each of these very different dramas, taking them in the chronological order already given, rejecting the consideration of others of their kind, not that they lack interest, but that a selection must be made, and that these seem the most fully illustrative of the different phases of the Revolution. Speaking very roughly, they may be said to represent the views of one or other party during the periods when Mirabeau, Danton, Marat, Robespierre, and the Directory were in power. When the first,

Charles IX was produced, Mirabeau's was so completely the ruling influence, that on the occasion of its first performance, all the *côté gauche* of the Assembly being present, he was compelled by the audience to leave his seat and take up a commanding position in a box, as a sort of president; and shortly afterwards he demanded a special performance of "the patriotic tragedy" as a kind of national rejoicing.

It will be inferred from the fact that the Republican party attended, almost officially, the first performance, that the play had made some stir before it was actually produced. A public agitation for its performance was, in fact, got up, and Bailly, mayor of Paris, on referring the matter to the Assembly, declared that had he been master, he would not have permitted it—that "when the people was aroused, not against the king, but against arbitrary power, it was not the moment to expose on the stage the most frightful abuse of that power." But the committee of three appointed by the Assembly to read the piece licensed it, and its production (on November 4, 1789) was an immense triumph for its author, Marie-Joseph Chénier, to whom a civic crown was even voted by some districts. The actors were cheered, literally to the echo—for one speech was encored, and had to be repeated before the play could proceed; it was the long harangue of the Chancelier de l'Hôpital, at the end of which, in sixteen lines added by the author shortly before the performance, he predicts the rise of the Republic, the freeing of the people. One young actor also found in this play the first opportunity of showing his true power—the great Talma. He played the king, and, we are told, represented wonderfully his weakness, his struggles, his final remorse—for Chénier, opposing the view of some historians, has made his hero repentant. "Mahomet, Henry the Eighth, *Cromwell*, were villains without remorse," he says in a note, "but irresolution before a crime is the sure sign of repentance after it." The sentence sounds strange from a Republican—Mr. Carlyle's work was evidently needed in France as well as at home.

For the play itself, there is not very much to be said about it. It is of the usual order of French tragedies, before Victor Hugo changed such things from respectable essays in declamation to fiery melodramas. With a singular want of action, it describes the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; its verse is often eloquent, but its plot is, especially if we consider the subject, astonishingly dull. The portraits of the different characters are fairly interesting, though a casual observer would say that the one prominent feature in each was a tendency to make very long speeches. Chénier has drawn with some care, as he tells us himself, the character of the king, irresolute, timid, and cruel; the sombre and perfidious policy of Catherine of Medicis; the pride and the ambition of the Duc de Guise the same pride and the same ambition, wearing the mask of a hypocritical zeal for the Catholic faith, in the Cardinal of Lorraine; and has opposed to these the proud and intrepid loyalty of Coligni, the noble candour of his pupil, the young King of Navarre (afterwards

Henri IV), and the fine sense of the Chancelier de l'Hôpital. As a literary work, the play is probably inferior to Chénier's *Tibère*; but the latter was never acted, while the former in a moment made the author from a nobody—he was only known hitherto by two failures—into a great man.

The piece was, of course, a great theatrical success, and was played for some time to crowded audiences; but there was an influence at work against it which the author could not have foreseen. A large proportion of the company of the Comédie Française—the majority, indeed—was in no way enthusiastic about the Revolution; and after the play had been performed thirty-two times they succeeded in obtaining its withdrawal from the bill. Chénier and his friends, naturally indignant, tried every way to force them to continue the representations, and the result was a very pretty "scene in the house."

The curtain had but just risen when a M. Sarrazin got up, and asking for silence, read a request that *Charles IX* might be performed. This had been anticipated, and Naudet (one of the reactionary members of the *troupe*) advanced to the footlights and spoke as follows. "You cannot doubt, gentlemen, that the Comédie Française is always anxious to do what it can to please you, but it is impossible to perform *Charles IX*, as Madame Vestris is ill, and M. de Saint-Prix confined to his bed by an erysipelas of the leg."

Here the speaker hoped that the matter was ended, but to his surprise Talma, who led the Republican section of the company, came forward from the "wings," and said, "I will answer for Madame Vestris, gentlemen; she will play—she will give you that proof of her patriotism and zeal; the part of the Cardinal shall be read, and you shall have *Charles IX*."

They had *Charles IX*; but Naudet's indignation at the promise found vent in a hearty box on the ear for Talma, as he retired behind the scene. This was atoned for by the immense applause the actor received at the performance, which took place on July 24, 1790; but the struggle was only commencing, and before it finished broke up the company, of which the Democratic party quitted the theatre (then in the Faubourg St. Germain), and established itself in the now famous Rue de Richelieu. One finds nearly all the great names on the Republican side—Talma, Grandmesnil, Monvel, Dugazon, Madame Vestris, &c.; of the Royalists, the chief were Fleury, Dazincourt, Mesdames Contat (Louise and Emilie) Lange, and Rancourt. It was the latter *troupe* which brought out, not so long afterwards, the reactionary *Ami des Lois*, already mentioned, which gained them the honour of a political prison.

Earlier than this, however, and just before the rupture in the company, the comedians of the Français had produced, with immense success, a melodrama exposing the abuses of the Romish Church; I may note that, oddly enough, all the principal parts in it were played by what I

have called the reactionary section of the company. The play was, however, written by Monvel, one of Talma's Republican associates, and who was certainly in no way favourable to the falling side.

It was called *Les Victimes Clottrées*, and the story was briefly this:—A silly and superstitious mother and a too easy father leave their child, a young girl, at the convent of the town in which they live, while they go for a time to Paris. The girl, Eugénie de St. Alban, is betrothed to a friend of the family, named Dorval, young and very rich; he inquires after her constantly, and soon learns, to his horror, that she is unwell—seriously ill—in a few days, when he insists on seeing her, dead. He is told by the Père Laurent, confessor of the St. Albans and head of a monastery which adjoins the convent, that her illness was infectious, and that for this reason she was allowed to see no one, and it was necessary to bury her with the greatest haste. He is utterly crushed by the stroke, and Père Laurent has little difficulty in making him resolve to give up the world (and his wealth—to the monastery), and take up his abode in a dwelling where he will, at least, be always near the remains of his beloved. The play is filled with the struggle between the Père Laurent, a second Tartuffe, and Francheville, a manly friend of Dorval, each doing all he can to influence the young man's decision—the one to confirm, the other to shake it. This struggle culminates in a scene, in which Francheville's honest indignation has all but conquered, when Dorval's mind, cunningly enfeebled by long isolation and a continued strain of exaggerated feeling, gives way for the time, and he yields entirely to Père Laurent. Immediately after this, however, the one good monk of the community, the Père Louis, contriving to speak to Dorval, reveals to him the horrible villany of Laurent, who, failing to seduce the young girl, Eugénie, had resolved by her death to obtain a mastery over Dorval's feelings, and ultimately over his property.

Dorval's want of self-control at once betrays to Laurent his knowledge of this frightful secret; and the poor boy is gagged and thrown into a vault under the monastery, just by the wall which divides it from the convent. He is sinking down, overcome by despair, when to his horror he finds that is resting upon a corpse. Looking more closely, he discovers upon the floor, traced in letters of blood, these words: *During the twenty years that I have been perishing here, I have succeeded in detaching a bar of iron which fastened this tomb to the wall.* Dorval snatches up the bar, and, following further directions which he finds, attempts to force aside a large stone in the wall. It yields; another and another soon follow, and in a few moments he has forced his way into an adjoining cell, in every way like his own. Here he finds a prisoner—a woman, who has fainted and lies insensible; as will be guessed, it is Eugénie, condemned by Père Laurent to this most lingering and horrible of deaths. The lovers, thus reunited in their prison, enjoy a brief moment of happiness; then they hear coming steps, and Dorval again seizes the iron, determined at all events to die fighting. But their fears are needless: it is the Père Louis and Francheville, who come to succour them, armed

with the power of the State—for liberty has just triumphed, and the tyranny of the Church fallen (as they hope) for ever.*

In this play, the character of Dorval is drawn with more than ordinary truth and power, and most of the others are firmly and clearly sketched; but it was not, of course, the literary merit of the piece which secured its success. It came at a very opportune moment, and may be said to have satisfied a popular need—or at least to have supplied a vent for popular emotion, which was further excited by an incident of (I believe) the first representation. When, in the third act, Père Laurent gave the order to drag Dorval away, a man in the audience leapt up, crying, "Slay that villain!" For the moment he seemed almost mad; then, composing himself, he turned to those whom his sudden action had startled, and said, "Pardon me, gentlemen, but I was a monk myself; like Dorval, I have been thrown into a dungeon; and I thought I recognised, in Père Laurent, my old Superior!" Whether this interruption was genuine, or was only a cleverly got up "sensation," it had its effect, and all Paris went to see *Les Victimes Cloîtrées*.

It is not necessary to notice the many slight theatrical sketches of these years, which refer only to some one event just happening—as, for example, *Le Vous et le Toi*, of Aristide Valcour (*représenté en Frimaire, l'an deuxième de la République Française une et indivisible*), which makes some fun of the legal substitution of the singular pronoun for the plural in all cases, but which heartily approves of the change. An earlier work of rather more importance was the *Nicodème dans la Lune* of "Cousin Jacques" (Beffroy de Reigny), produced in 1790, and played, altogether, more than four hundred times; it represented the most liberal of Royalist views—in fact, the beginning of Moderate Republicanism; and, like some of the plays of Valcour, it introduced a good *curé*, who was contrasted with the rich and unscrupulous bishops. Other political plays of these authors were very popular—noticeably a little one-act sketch *Allons, ça va: ou le Quaker en France*, which was simply a patriotic and spirited appeal to the warlike feeling of the nation—but these are hardly so typical of the progress and variation of opinion as those M. Moland has chosen as specimens.

L'Ami des Lois, the third play in his collection, was politically the most important of all. It was produced at the very central moment of the strife between the Mountain and the Gironde, January [2,^d] 1793, exactly five months before the final fall of the latter body and it deserves to be numbered among their supreme efforts. As a dramatic work, it is extremely poor—a commonplace five-act comedy in verse, with a commonplace aristocratic hero, and a very commonplace Democratic villain (said to be meant for Robespierre); but as a political manifesto,

* In 1790, the National Assembly had refused to recognise Catholicism as the State religion, had abolished monastic vows, suppressed all orders and congregations, except those charged with the succour of the sick, and decreed the civil constitution of the clergy, &c., &c.—Moland.

its value became at once evident, while its reception showed how large was the party still tainted with the sin of *modérantisme*. "Before three o'clock," we are told,* "all the streets near the Comédie Française were crowded with spectators from every part of the capital." The moderate journals spoke very highly of the play, and in the theatre "all the passages against anarchy excited the liveliest enthusiasm, and the author, called for at each performance, came forward to receive the applause of an audience in the highest excitement."

That the play should be denounced at the Club of the Jacobins, and at the Commune, followed almost as a matter of course. Robespierre spoke of the Théâtre Français as "the loathsome haunt of the aristocracy, and the insulter of the Revolution." The representations were suspended by the order of the Commune; the suspension was negatived by the Convention (in which the Girondists had still a constantly-decreasing majority); and this happened twice. On the first suspension a clamorous crowd went to the theatre, and, though the house was surrounded with troops, demanded the performance of the piece. Santerre, who appeared in uniform and tried to crush the riot, was greeted with cries of, "Turn him out! Silence! Down with the beery General!" (he was a brewer). The Mayor of Paris interfered, but with little more success; and Laya, the author of the comedy, addressed an energetic protest to the legislature. As I have said, the suspension was itself suspended; it was re-enacted by the Commune, and the riotous scenes continued.

After a struggle of some length, the actors were not merely defeated, but imprisoned. The thorough-going Collot d'Herbois (himself once a dramatist) proposed that "the head of the company be guillotined and the rest transported;" but, fortunately, this proposition was not carried out, and the unhappy comedians, thrown into prison on the night of September 3 (1793), were only detained there for a few months.

L'Ami des Lois was revived two years after, but was found already to have lost its interest. It was indeed, though rather pretentious in form, merely a *pièce de circonstance*; and must very soon have become on the stage, what it now is to read, a dull specimen of the heaviest order of French verse-comedies—which almost rival in dullness the classical tragedies of their nation. Later, under the Empire and the Restoration, the Censure would not allow the piece to be played; and it is a noteworthy thing that for this comedy, in the very first years of liberty, the oppression of the censorship was revived by the Jacobins—it was decreed that the programme of every week must be submitted to the Commune for its approval; so true is it that a people which is not ready for freedom will be no freer under a republic than under a despotism.

At the end of the year whose beginning was signalised by the production of *L'Ami des Lois*, on October 18, 1793, two days after the

* D'Etienne and Martainville, *Histoire du Théâtre Français*, vol. iii. p. 48.

execution of Marie Antoinette, there appeared on the French stage perhaps the most extraordinary play ever written. The extreme Republican party was in its fullest triumph; the Gironde was no more, monarchy seemed to have passed away for ever like an evil dream; the lowest orders of society, those heretofore slaves, trodden under foot and helpless, leapt up with an enormous shout of joy for their newly-won freedom, of triumph over their shattered enemies—and this play may be called the echo which has come down to us of that shout.

It is, indeed, hardly to be named a play—a political allegory (in one short scene, which would not occupy more than half an hour) is a fitter title for it. *Le Dernier Jugement des Rois* merely shows what would happen if all the nations of Europe should rid themselves of their tyrants at one stroke, following the recent example of the French. There is no attempt at dramatic construction or plot; there is only one incident—which finishes the piece certainly as completely as anything could well be finished. It is merely a shout, as I have said—the hymn of praise of brutalised and degraded natures which had but a moment shaken off their fetters: sung to the god, or demon, of revenge, and yet not wanting in noble and loving thoughts—less brutal in spirit, I venture to say, than some utterances of those cultured kings, who for so many years had tried to teach the art of graceful, refined, and even charming wickedness.

The author of this "Prophecy" (so he called it) appealed to the public before his piece was produced, to recognise in it a turning of the tables upon those cruel jesters who had so long made merry at the expense of the poor. "Remember, citizens," he cried, "how in times past, on every stage, they vilified, and degraded, and ridiculed the most respectable classes of the Sovereign-People, for the amusement of kings and their lackeys. I felt that it was full time to do the like to them, and, in our turn, to laugh. Times enough, these *gentlemen* have had the laughers on their side; I felt that the moment was come to hold them up to public derision, and so to parody a happy line in the comedy of the *Méchant*—

Les rois sont ici bas pour nos menus plaisirs."

And his purpose was fully accomplished. One shudders, I own, at the hideous yell which greets each antic of these burlesqued kings; it is not like the polished smile which appreciated the dull ignorance of *Blaise* and of *Féu*; but as in coarseness of ridicule the Republican outwent the Royalist satire, so did it in nobility and depth of sentiment.

Sylvain Maréchal, the author, lays his scene in a small volcanic island, inhabited only by ignorant but kindly savages, and by one old Frenchman, transported thither twenty years before, because his daughter was "remarked" by some great nobleman of the court. To this island come, by hazard, twelve or fifteen *sans-culottes*, one from each nation of Europe; they tell the old man that the peoples have resolved to be free, and have assumed as their motto the noble words, *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity*. Then they lead on, one by one, their fettered monarchs,

who are doomed to work out the remainder of their lives in this dreary place. Each *sans-culotte* describes his sovereign ; each king tries feebly to defend himself.

Says the Englishman, " Here is his Majesty the King, who, helped by the Machiavellian genius of Pitt, drained the purse of the English people, and increased the burden of the public debt, to organise in France civil war, anarchy, famine, and, worst of all, Federalism."

And George replies, " But you know I have lost my wits ! You don't punish a lunatic—you put him in an asylum."

" The volcano will bring you to your senses," says the *sans-culotte*.

In like manner is treated each of the others—the kings of Prussia, Spain, Naples, Sardinia, and Poland, the Emperor, and Catherine of Russia ; last of all the Pope, who in the most cowardly manner offers to pray for the *sans-culottes* if they will let him go—an offer promptly and contemptuously rejected. Then the chief spokesman of the Republicans, having arranged the kings in a semicircle and called the savages to look at them, gives them " a good talking-to " all round, tells them that the reason they have not been beheaded is that no executioner could be found who would sully his hands with their blood, and finally leaves them to " offer to Europe the spectacle of its tyrants confined in a menagerie and devouring each other, no longer able to wreak their wrath on the brave *sans-culottes* they dared to call their subjects."

Left to themselves, lamentation soon turns to quarrelling, quarrelling to fisticuffs and kicks.

" Good heaven, how they treat us ! " cries Francis the Second. " With what indignities ! What is to become of us ? "

" Ah, my dear Cagliostro," William says. " Why are not you here ? You would get us out of the scrape ! "

George doubts this. " What do you think of it, Holy Father ? You held him prisoner long enough in the Château St. Ange."

" He could do us no good," answers the Pope. " We want supernatural aid."

" Ah, Holy Father," cries the King of Spain. " A little miracle ! "

" The time is gone by ! Where are the good old days when the saints used to ride-a-cock-horse through the air on walking-sticks ? "

" Alas, my cousin, Louis the Sixteenth ! " sighs Charles of Spain.

" After all, yours was the happiest lot. An unpleasant half-a-quarter-of-an-hour is soon over ; now you want for nothing. Here we want everything—we are between famine and hell. It is you, Francis and William, who have brought this upon us. I always thought this French Revolution would play us a nasty trick, sooner or later. We ought never to have meddled with it—never ! "

Here the quarrelling begins ; accusations and counter-accusations fly about, and Catherine only makes matters worse by a proposition which must really not be transcribed ; then she and the Pope have a free fight, " the one with her sceptre, the other with his crozier, which is broken by

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a blow from the sceptre; the Pope throws his tiara at Catherine's head, and knocks off her crown. *They fight with their chains.*" Before the struggle is well over, it is discovered that the King of Spain is eating in the corner a piece of black bread which he had managed to secrete; the others all rush upon him, and fight for it, the King of Naples exclaiming, "What would the *sans-culottes* say if they saw the kings of Europe disputing a bit of black bread?"

The gentlemen referred to appear, and answer by giving the hungry monarchs a barrel of biscuits, saying, like Timon, "Stay, brutes, here's provender. Stuff yourselves. The proverb which says 'Everybody must live' was not made for you, for there is no necessity for kings to live. But the *sans-culottes* are as susceptible of pity as of justice. Feed on this ship's biscuit, till you are acclimatised to the country."

He goes; the kings throw themselves upon the food, and dispute eagerly for the lion's share—when an eruption of the volcano in the background begins, stones and burning coals are thrown upon the stage, the lava rolls forth and surrounds the kings, and they fall, consumed by fire, into the cracks which open in the earth.

The success of such a play at such a time may be imagined; it is, moreover, proved by the fact that it drew forth imitations certainly of grovelling exactness—the Citizen Desbarreaux was not too proud to call his rival piece *Les Potentats foudroyés par la Montagne et la Raison, ou la Déportation des Rois de l'Europe*; nor did he shrink from following Sylvain Maréchal into the least delicate of his details—in fact, he exaggerated the comicalities of Catherine to an extent that Rabelais could not well have exceeded. So did the gross vices of the Empress of Russia help to make more coarse the amusements of the *blouses* of France.

The events of the next year are well enough known. Tyranny succeeded tyranny; and the execution of Robespierre, on July 27, 1794, was welcomed even more loudly than was the death of Louis only a year and a half before. The intolerable despotism of the Revolutionary Committees has often been described in novels and plays of later time; and it is interesting to show that the stage of the period presented it in the same light, and in colours every whit as high. It is of course true that party spirit will colour contemporary caricature perhaps even more strongly than the imagination of posterity; but all France, by an astonishing and universal enthusiasm of acceptance, recognised the truth of this picture. It does not even appear that the extreme Terrorists ventured to protest, with any energy, against the production of the one comedy which attacked them without the least shadow of disguise, and with unsurpassable ridicule and invective. *L'Intérieur des Comités Révolutionnaires* was played at two theatres simultaneously for a hundred successive nights, was acted all over France, its first run in Paris being only suspended by the events of September 1795, and its reproduction, six months afterwards, securing another run of nearly a hundred nights. People went to see it over and over again. One old man, who had been

imprisoned throughout the reign of Terror, took a box for the season and did not miss one performance of the play. "He was seen every night," we are told, "not losing a movement of the actors, his mouth half open, weeping with joy, as in ecstasy, clapping his hands, moving to and fro on his seat, and repeating, 'Oh, how I am being revenged on those rascals!'"

The author of the play, Ducancel, has himself told us how he came to compose it, and in how rapid and haphazard a way it was written. Dining at home with some friends, he says, he turned the conversation upon the ridiculous mistakes, the crass ignorance, and the stupid brutalities of the agents of the Revolutionary Committees. "There was not one of my companions who had not had some dispute or some business with his Committee" (*i.e.* that of his district). "At dessert, my brain became excited and heated; I rose abruptly and said to my companions, 'My heart is too full; I must relieve it; I am going to write a comedy on the Revolutionary Committees.' I went to my study; I took up my pen, without any definite plan. Exposition, plot, conclusion—I had foreseen and prepared none of them. I thought of putting together, within the compass of an ordinary act, a certain number of scenes drawn from my memory (*à tiroir*). Soon facts, details, and incidents presented themselves to my recollection in crowds. My pen was not rapid enough to fix them upon the paper, so much was I filled with the *facit indignatio verum*. I finished composing, almost at one burst, the first eight scenes, and I perceived that almost all my materials were yet to be made use of. I decided then to extend my piece to the length of two acts, to unite the scenes and bind them to a dramatic story which should present unity of time and place. My second act terminated, my provision of facts and anecdotes was not yet exhausted. Come, let us have three acts!"

And at three he stopped. *Les Aristides Modernes, ou l'Intérieur des Comités Révolutionnaires* was written, accepted, learnt and put upon the stage in twenty-seven days,* and its triumphant success is described by the author with that delightful absence of false modesty—and indeed of any modesty at all—so characteristic of his nation. However, it is evident that he did not exaggerate his triumph—which was so great that it compelled the abolition of the very name of the thing that he attacked; thenceforth the committees were called, until they ceased altogether to exist, *comités de surveillance*.

The play has real merit, though not of a very high order; it is even now thoroughly amusing, and many of the comic scenes would be worth translating were it not for the impossibility of reproducing the fun of the bad French—one of the chief comic characters is a perfect Paris cockney, the other a Gascon. The plot is very slight, but sufficient for

* It was produced on the 8 *Floréal*, an *III.* (April 27, 1795), at the Théâtre de la Cité-Variétés.

such a work : a family of respectable (and somewhat prosy) citizens are attacked, with every device of treachery and brutality, by the scoundrels who form the *Comité* of Dijon *—a set of thieves, lackeys, porters, hair-dressers, who have become politicians and assumed the names of Aristides, Cato, Scævola, Brutus, Torquatus; the honest people are reduced to despair, the scamps are triumphant, cheating, lying, thieving, murdering at their will, when, at the darkest moment, comes the news that the despotic triumvirate has been overthrown—Robespierre, St. Just, and Couthon are dead—and France is freed from another set of tyrants.

Of the last play of which I have spoken it will not be necessary to give any very detailed description, the piece is of so common a type of caricature; it is this one fact alone that makes it interesting. At the date of its production—1796—the Revolutionary period proper was over, and people could amuse and enjoy themselves like their neighbours and their forefathers. An individual figure of an old comic type, at that moment peculiarly *à propos*, was created—*Madame Angot*, the *parvenue* fishwoman, as invented by Maillot and embodied by Corsse, became the rage. Society topsy-turvy was represented, in a rough but sufficiently telling way, in her history; and the little play was not only a success itself, but was followed by numberless imitations almost more successful than the original. *Le Mariage de Nanon* (Madame's daughter), *Le Repentir de Madame Angot*, *Les Dernières Folies de Madame Angot*, these all by Maillot himself; *Madame Angot au Sérail de Constantinople*, by Aude, *Madame Angot au Malabar, ou la Nouvelle Veuve*, by Aude and Lion, followed and (no doubt) resembled each other—even in their success. Madame Angot was, in fact, the Mrs. Brown of the period; and even in our own days her daughter, aided by the lively and perfectly vulgar music of Lecocq, has revived her fame.†

In reading these plays, one sees a series of pictures, not well drawn, perhaps, but drawn from the life; one discovers, at all events, what seemed the most striking features of the Revolution to those who stood face to face with it. The noble aspirations with which it began, the brutal horror and vulgarity which succeeded them, are shown here more vividly than they can be in the portraits of later literary artists, great though these may be; and—which is a valuable quality—there is no pretence of an impossible impartiality. These are either the sayings of the men themselves who helped to make the French Revolution, or those of their deadly enemies. We see exactly what Robespierre appeared to a Girondist, what a *sans-culotte* appeared to himself; their objects, their pretexts, as they grew and changed, are put before us briefly and in the

* Singled out as the only one in France which protested against the execution of Robespierre.

† It is perhaps worth noting that the famous quarrel-scene in *La Fille de Madame Angot*—musically almost the best thing in the opera—is imitated from the original play.

main correctly—the audiences were too well-informed to admit any great perversion of facts. And the dramatic form is invaluable: we hear men speak, argue, exchange repartee and abuse, as they cannot in journal, pamphlet, or history.

What would not one give, I repeat, for such a dramatic history of the English Revolution, were it possible? The material is so much finer—there is such grandeur, mingled with such absurdity, in the Puritans, with Sergeants Fight-the-good-fight and Bind-their-kings-in-chains, such grace and chivalrous comedy in the cavaliers. The gloom and Biblical eloquence of a Fifth Monarchy *Dernier Jugement des Rois* should be magnificent, though one can hardly imagine the Moderate party putting Cromwell and Harrison on the stage, as the Girondists pilloried Robespierre and Marat.

It is a question, however, whether the practical issues on which our Revolution was decided were as well fitted for the theatre as the broader issues of the French. Their noble war-cry was "Liberty, Equality, Brotherhood"—ours was but "No ship-money!" To be sure, we attained our object, and gained a freedom which, after a slight reaction, has been widening ever since; while their excesses damaged for a time the cause of liberty throughout the world. But this does not affect the dramatic capability of the two struggles: the sentiments which would be put into the mouth of the hero of a French republican drama would awaken sympathy over all the world—those of an English Puritan would, as a rule, be hardly comprehensible out of England.

For these questions, however, and the hundred others which arise out of the subject, this is not the place. I have only wished to draw attention to a somewhat neglected series of historical pictures, unsurpassed in vigour, in variety, and even in a rough and general accuracy; and I need now only add that the nine or ten here mentioned are but a very small proportion of those accessible to students of French literature.

E. R.

The Duties of Ignorance.

THE question what is the right attitude of mind to be maintained in regard to subjects on which we are at once deeply interested and very imperfectly informed, is one of considerable practical importance for most of us. Every decently educated person must be conscious of great tracts of ignorance lying on all sides of the subjects he has really studied, if not of dark chasms running right across those very subjects themselves. Education, indeed, seems rather to increase than to lessen the sense of ignorance. It reveals as many uncertainties as it removes. And the increased diffusion of knowledge which has taken place of late years tends greatly to confusion, and makes the art of groping our way among doubts every day more indispensable. Every year the machinery for spreading news over the length and breadth of the land becomes more complete and effective, and the flood of discussion of all sorts of subjects penetrates more and more thoroughly into the most secluded corners.

If the subjects which are thus thrust upon our attention were matters of purely speculative interest, we might be content with carving out for ourselves a certain portion for careful study; leaving the rest to flow idly past, without disturbing ourselves about what we could not thoroughly understand. To recognise the limits of our knowledge, and suspend our judgment when imperfectly informed, would be all that was required. But this world is not so peacefully ordered as that. We cannot calmly suspend our judgment when our dearest interests are at stake. It is easy to avow our ignorance, but it does not therefore cease to torment us. For the last five-and-twenty years, wars and rumours of wars, in which, if not actually engaged, we have been keenly interested, have succeeded each other almost without intermission. Famines, and pestilences, and revolutions, and financial crises have filled up the intervals, and fatal accidents of the most extensive and dramatic kind send a succession of shocks through the length and breadth of the land. Each of these events, whose reality the most sceptical cannot doubt, raises a multitude of questions which the most ignorant and apathetic can hardly put aside altogether, and on which the best informed are widely and apparently hopelessly at variance.

Besides passing events, and the burning questions which they raise, the air is full of controversies of the most vehement and penetrating kind on all the fundamental doctrines of faith and morals. Probably there is scarcely a child out of the nursery, or a day-labourer able to read, who does not know that the existence of God and of a future life, and the

distinction between right and wrong, and therefore everything else that we have ever held sacred, are now treated on all sides as open questions. Who can possibly pass through such times unmoved? Can the loftiest intelligence attempt to solve, or anything short of brutal insensibility to ignore, such questions as these? Can we calmly suspend our judgment and rest in our ignorance, while all the dearest interests of our friends, our nation, and our souls, are, as it were, ranged in battle array before our eyes?

And yet, what task could be more hopeless than the attempt to disentangle and to deal with all these agitating perplexities? Any one of the subjects I have referred to is vast enough to engross a lifetime; and each of us has many other pressing matters of more immediate concern to attend to besides. Must we then resign ourselves to a chronic state of anxious uncertainty? Is there no solid ground for the soles of our feet, and no art by which the ignorant may steady themselves, so as to pursue at least a useful, if not a peaceful course, in the midst of the storm?

I believe that the duties of ignorance—ignorance which cannot be uninterested, but would fain not be prejudiced or obstructive—deserve more careful attention than they often receive. Those who are liable to find themselves at any moment out of their depth should lose no time in learning to swim. Where roads may fail we must learn to read the stars and to use the compass. And surely there is a faculty by which some people contrive to take their bearings in the midst of perplexities which they have no means of clearing up; a faculty which can be cultivated, and which is better worth cultivation than many of which we think more. Some people are so happily gifted with this quality—call it common-sense, mother-wit, judgment, instinct, veracity, force of character, or what you will—that they go steadily on their way in what looks like actual unconsciousness of the bewildering confusion of the world and its ways. But for those who are not so armed, for those who feel their hearts burdened and their spirits wearied, and their very appetite for knowledge quenched by perpetual uncertainties, what is the remedy? How can such vulnerable wayfarers learn to encounter the difficulties of a path in which they can neither see their way nor stand still?

What we want, both for peace and for usefulness, is to clear a space, however small, within which, at all events, order shall reign. We want to be centres of light, not of darkness—of clearness, and not of confusion. We want not to try to grasp a greater number of facts than we can rightly place in our minds; and yet, not to shut our minds to any facts which ought to affect our conclusions. The difficulty is how to choose when by the hypothesis we have not knowledge enough to choose by. Unless we leave out of account some facts and some whole subjects, and a vast proportion of the opinions we hear, we have no chance of coming to any conclusions at all; but how are the ignorant to decide which are the facts, the opinions, and the subjects which they may safely disregard?

Take for instance that pleasing collection of perplexities which we describe as the Eastern question. There are probably few of us who have not by this time some rather strong feeling on the subject, but how many of us can give any intelligent and consistent justification of that feeling? What proportion of those who are in the habit of discussing the question have ever taken the trouble to consider what are the facts it would be necessary to know in order to form a fair judgment about it? It is easy to say that one does not pretend to have followed it from the first, or to be fully qualified to pronounce upon all its parts; but this general avowal of comparative ignorance certainly does not prevent the use of strong language and excited feeling. It is not altogether easy to say to what extent it ought to check either feeling or speech. If no one ever took sides on public questions of this kind without mastering complicated historical, geographical, and political questions in all their details, we should have to leave our affairs even much more than we do in the hands of a few experts. Public opinion, instead of being the strongest, would be about the weakest of influences in all large questions, especially in questions of foreign and colonial policy. It is evident that, according to our usages at least, there are some legitimate substitutes for complete information. We are all familiar enough with the use of them in practice, but we might use them much more intelligently, and to much better purpose, if we were a little clearer about them in theory.

The sheet-anchor of plain folk, both in political and speculative questions, is a recourse to first principles. By whatever means we may have become possessed of them, we all have some few convictions, according to which we do consciously or unconsciously judge all human conduct. Whether originally derived from experience or from intuition, these principles were at least in possession of our minds long before we ever heard of the particular questions with which we are now concerned; and their proof or disproof must rest upon wider grounds than the answers to any of the questions of the day. No doubt, in the process of referring practical questions to first principles, there are at every step a multitude of risks. Supposing our principles to be all right, we make strange blunders in applying them, from a want both of logical faculty or training, and of knowledge of facts which may be essential to the case. Or there may be some fundamental flaw in our first principles themselves, which must vitiate all our judgments. Better be stupid and ignorant than wrong-headed.

All this is true, and fatally affects the value of our conclusions if considered as verdicts. But it does not affect the value of the process by which we arrive at them when considered as mental discipline, nor does it wholly destroy the moral value of our judgments as engines to be used in the cause of right.

By what means, indeed, can we acquire logical habits of mind if not by exercising our faculties upon imperfect information? If we do not

regard the weighing of evidence as a part of the art of reasoning, we shall have to confine that art to the region of pure mathematics.

The problems which come before us in such bewildering profusion every morning in the newspapers supply abundance of exercise for our logical and moral faculties—an exercise which would be not a whit the less stimulating and invigorating if Russia and Turkey and Afghanistan and all the telegrams relating to them were fictions of the editors' brains. We might certainly find that we had gone considerably astray in practice if this proved to be the case; but our wits would none the less have been sharpened by our disputes if on some blessed day we should awake and find that the Eastern question was but a dream. We have, however, in these very faculties, the means of ascertaining but too clearly that it is no dream. We cannot, without an amount of leisure and ability which belongs to very few, draw the precise line between fact and fiction in the newspapers; but we can by many unfailing, if somewhat rough, tests, learn to distinguish between sense and nonsense, between what is admitted on all hands, and what is put forward for a purpose; between what is essential and what is beside the question. To do this roughly is necessary for the transaction of the most ordinary business; to do it perfectly, one of the highest achievements of the trained intellect. The intense emotional interest of such questions as are now flooding every region of modern life almost forces the use of these logical exercises upon many who in quieter times might have been content with dreams or with practice. If the eagerness of discussion induces us, as it should do, to cross-question ourselves as to our own exact meaning, to look to our definitions, to become more and more precise and cautious in our statements, limiting them more rigidly to what we really know, it is doing us valuable service. How many people, for instance, have of late been driven to ask themselves (in the first place, perhaps, with a view to refuting others) what they really mean by justice, by international morality, by imperial policy, and by many other expressions, upon the true meaning of which half the controversies of the day really turn? If these controversies drive us into any degree of clearness on such questions, they will have served a purpose much more lasting than that of determining our immediate action.

Not only the intellect, but the conscience, may find both food and correction in the process of groping painfully among the perplexities of imperfect information. Some of us, especially I should imagine some women, suffer to a degree which is perhaps unreasonable, though not unnatural, from the sense of ignorance combined with intense interest in the moral issues involved in large public questions. It may serve to quiet and at the same time to encourage those who are thus harassed, to be reminded that the value of our moral verdicts does not wholly depend upon our being rightly or fully informed as to the facts of the case. The legal value of a judgment in a court of law does not depend entirely upon the correctness of the evidence. The award might be reversed if

the evidence proved to have been incorrect or imperfect, but any points of law which might have been cleared up by the judgment would, I take it, remain clear after its hypothetical basis had been disproved. And so in controversies involving (as what important controversy does not involve!) questions of right and wrong, all who take part in them necessarily do something to raise or to lower the tone and spirit in which they are conducted, even without being in full possession of the facts, and without, therefore, being in a position to do strict justice to the actors in the affairs in question. No doubt it is often difficult, when the moral sense is strongly roused, to avoid doing injustice; and, no doubt, it becomes us all, in proportion to our ignorance, to be slow in making, and ready to retract, practical and personal applications of our virtuous sentiments. But it is perfectly possible, while wholly suspending our judgment as to the degree in which a particular kind of praise or blame may have been deserved by particular persons, to arrive at true and useful views of the degree in which a given course of action would merit such praise or blame. To do this rightly is to exercise a really important function. We should be adding nothing to the common stock by ascertaining in all their detail and complexity all the facts already known to the few, but we are adding to the common stock by taking the right side on any practical question. And many such questions arise in which we can truly, though roughly, discern the general drift from the broad and unquestioned outlines presented to us. Strict and detailed justice cannot be awarded by the multitude; but a righteous course will be secured only by the common consent of all. Our facts must be supplied to us by the learned; our logic and our moral choice must be of home growth.

Thus in referring the questions which come before us to first principles, we, the ignorant many, are at once educating ourselves, and taking the best means within our reach of helping the cause of right. And it would almost seem as if there were one useful function belonging to the ignorant as such. It is that of affording a certain indispensable check to the tendency of cultivated minds to run into subtleties, and to attach undue importance to the conclusions at which they have arrived by long and laborious processes. If the ignorant are sufficiently determined to hold fast to their principles and to sit loose to their conclusions, they may, while receiving instruction and correction, also be the means of imparting it. It would perhaps be going too far to say that no theory is worth much which cannot be justified to intelligent ignorance, but it is certain that no theorist could fail to find in the endeavour to do so a useful test of the clearness of his own views. And we may with much more confidence assert that the moral judgments of the learned will be usefully corrected by the simpler, and perhaps stronger, but at any rate more active, feeling of those to whom the facts may be comparatively new.

Let us try for a moment to trace out the province of right-minded ignorance in regard to a particular question. A painfully apposite instance

is before us all in the case of the Afghan war. Ordinary people need not be much ashamed if they have to confess the fact that before the meeting of Parliament they would have been utterly without the materials for an outline of our relations with the Ameer since the conclusion of the last war. We may perhaps be forgiven for feeling that it would even now be very difficult to relate them at all fairly from memory. In a long series of more or less complicated transactions there is scarcely one which has not been told on high authority in such different ways as to change its character again and again. What actually passed between the Ameer and the successive Viceroys, and between the Viceroys and the Home Government, may be so told as to convey several different impressions; and when to what was actually said and done we add what was felt and intended and suggested, these transactions can be infused with colouring matter at discretion. Again, the facts respecting the comparative strength of our present and of various other conceivable frontiers are both doubtful in themselves, and capable of being very variously represented; while the bearing of our relations with Russia and our responsibilities in India, upon our rights and duties towards Afghanistan, is obviously a problem of the utmost difficulty and importance. To attempt to bring out from the mass of disputed and entangled evidence before us on all these points a clear and duly-balanced judgment of the conduct and veracity of those whose policy and statements have been called in question on this occasion, would be for most of us ridiculous presumption. Yet is any intelligent person likely to rise from a moderately careful reading of these debates without having received, and being not only entitled but bound to entertain, and on occasion to express, some strong impressions as to the moral character of the war upon which we have entered? Can we not see for ourselves, without undertaking to verify a single disputed fact, how these different questions hang together? Can we not trace the different degrees of value attached by different speakers to moral and to material considerations, to personal and to national interests? May we not gather, in spite of all the reticences, and the cross purposes, and the transient exigencies of parliamentary debate, some just though perhaps vague notion of the different ideals of national greatness and of justice and duty which different leaders would hold up before us? And have we not a right, is it not even our duty, to choose between them accordingly? We may feel quite unable even to guess whether any and what amount of fresh territory would really strengthen our frontier; but each one of us is quite as much bound, and nearly as well qualified, as any statesman to form an opinion as to the comparative value of a scientific frontier and of an unbroken pledge. It seems to me even clear that the habit of public debating, not to say the traditions of official life, tend in some degree to confuse moral with political ideas. How can we otherwise account for the significant fact that all public speakers and writers, on both sides of this question, so far as I can remember without exception, teach us that our duties and our interest lie on the same side? Why else do all those

who think we have no just cause for war add that we have none for alarm? Why do all those who recognise a pressing necessity for the rectification of our frontier also think the conduct of the Ameer unjustifiable? Why do those who think that India should bear the expense of a war for the defence of India also consider our Indian finances to be prosperous and improving, while those who take a gloomy view of the prospects of our Indian revenue can always see so plainly the Imperial character of the war?

The moral significance of certain *rapprochements* is at least as striking to those who are new to the subject as it can be to veteran partisans; and while it is only becoming in us outsiders to bow to any corrections on matters of fact which may be vouchsafed to us by the initiated, it would be mere weakness to let our feelings be swayed by sympathy with authority. No amount of ignorance can deprive us of the right to exercise our judgment with regard to such facts as we do know or assume to be true. All that we have to do is to distinguish clearly between what we assume and what we know, and to keep our assumptions open to correction. While we do this our praise and blame are not likely to be worthless, even though they may be occasionally and provisionally misplaced.

If we can make our praise worth having and our blame a restraint, there is indeed reason enough for not shrinking from the stormy atmosphere of discussion, even though we may know that a complete mastery of the questions at issue is beyond our grasp. No man, however full of information or of theories, is really indifferent to the sympathy and approbation of his comparatively ignorant wife or friend. Those whose imperfect knowledge compels them to remain on the defensive and to keep to the modest rôle of inquirers, have for that very reason an immense advantage in debate. By resolutely maintaining a high standard for the quality (both logical and moral) of the explanations offered as the price of our sympathy, we impose a more effectual check than we are often ourselves aware of upon our instructors. It is worth while to consider deliberately the importance of the sifting office of inquirers who are resolute in not being convinced except upon good grounds, because it is just those who are best qualified to exercise it who are most likely to shrink from it. The very gifts of heart and mind, the reasonableness, the logical faculty, and the keen sense of right and wrong, which make people worth convincing, give them also a strong sense of their own ignorance; and for such people the task of grappling with moral questions without complete knowledge is often acutely painful. They are often strongly tempted to retire altogether into serener regions, and to desert the cause of right just because they care so much about it.

Such sensitiveness, however, is clearly a snare, and the plea of ignorance no real exemption from our responsibility in matters of common concern. For, after all, the fact is that in all questions of the day many of the most important elements are only those of our own daily experi-

ence "writ large;" and to be ignorant is not necessarily to be either inexperienced or uncultivated. Those who are least burdened with the results of conscious study often possess in a high degree that strange instinct by which the intellectual comparative anatomist seizes upon the backbone of a new subject as unerringly as Professor Owen lays his finger on the rudimentary limbs of a strange beast. Ignorance with a hearty appetite, the full use of its limbs, and an abundant supply of raw material, is not so very badly off even in this well-informed age.

The appeal from special knowledge to universal experience is not in these days in much danger of being disallowed. But the sense either of ignorance or of power may hinder us from using our scanty materials intelligently and under a due sense of responsibility. The great thing is to fix rightly the scale upon which we can hope to construct a tolerably complete chart of any subject which comes before us. A pocket atlas may be as correct in its proportions as an Ordnance survey of an inch to the quarter of a mile; but the proportion may be as easily destroyed by enlarging one part as by diminishing another. Carelessness about details is not necessarily the result of blind presumption. It may be part of a wise economy of mental space. An over-crowded mind is as bad a thing as an empty one, and less remediable. The worst fate is to become a mere dust-bin for the accumulation of chance scraps, without choice, without arrangement, and without vent. For what we want to know is not what are the exact details, but what are the true bearings, and the comparative weight, of the different considerations by which action must be determined. Without some principle of arrangement, details are as oppressive as they are worthless.

If the ignorant have an important part to perform with regard to public affairs, we may with still better reason "magnify our office" with regard to the moral and religious questions which so deeply agitate the whole mental atmosphere of our times. In these questions individual experience furnishes not only important analogies, but a large part of the very subject-matter in debate; and however difficult may be the art of rightly interpreting it, the unlearned have as large a share as any one else in "creating history." We allow ourselves to be too much troubled by the speculations of others upon subjects wholly beyond our grasp (if not beyond theirs), and we are not half careful enough to keep our own path straight, or our own windows clear. Upon these awful subjects light is to be found less through answering questions than through "obeying the truth" we do know.

The ignorant, however, like their betters, are of necessity treading a perilous and perplexing path, leading them across misty morasses of imperfect information, and no aid within their reach is to be despised. If first principles may be compared to the stars, by which (when we can see them) our course must be guided, there are other helps which, though less permanent and less infallible, are in foggy weather more available. These are the stepping-stones laid down for us by the judgment of others,

and the compass which may be provided by the diligent study of some subject which is limited enough for our grasp. There is no better way of testing the trustworthiness of our guides than to take their opinion on some subject which we really do understand, and no better chance of increasing our store than to possess ourselves of a good solid nucleus of truth round which other truths may group themselves. If we bestowed more pains upon correcting the bearings and strengthening the foundations of our central framework, and less upon extending the circumference of our information, the sense of our ignorance might become less oppressive, and its effects would at any rate be less disabling. What most of us need is not so much to acquire more knowledge, as to acquire a more complete mastery of the knowledge we have, and at the same time to practise a more unflinching obedience to it.

C. E. S.

The Don Quixote of Germany.

THERE are few stranger figures in the Middle Ages than Ulrich von Lichtenstein, and few stranger books than his *Vrouwen Dienest*.^{*} His vagaries make him an interesting monster; but that is not his only or his chief claim on our attention: he has a place in the history of culture. He is sometimes called the Don Quixote of Germany, and though the analogy is by no means exact, he does represent the decay of chivalry on its grotesquer side.

This extraordinary phase of life, the fantastical mixture of clerical and lay ideals, was already past its prime in Germany. In literature it had produced its best. It had found its most perfect expression in the Arthurian Romances, and these their most genial poets in Hartmann, Wolfram, and Gottfried. In the lyric, too, the Minnesong had outlived its springtime. Even Walter von der Vogelweide did not in his later poems equal the freshness of his youth. The "Service of Women" was no longer quite heartfelt, the old completeness of feeling was broken up. Chivalry had reached that stage which comes in the history of every imperfect theory, when its extreme partisans only show its weakness, and by their very consistency make it ridiculous. Such an extreme partisan was Ulrich von Lichtenstein. Chivalry had attempted to unite the secular and clerical conceptions of life; it had done this by a mere compromise, and therefore only for the time. The elements soon fell apart. A religious and a worldly order of knighthood arose within chivalry itself. To the original Arthurian group were added on the one hand the *Legend of the Grail*, on the other the *Romance of Tristram*. On the one line by degrees the tone became more purely mystical, the subjects more purely legendary. The other ended in frivolity and coarseness, though these were for long concealed behind an excess of courtly forms. Ulrich belongs to this latter direction. He is fond of saying that for his lady's favour he would give the Grail which Sir Percivale won with such knightly labour and pains. The *Service of Women* is the name of his book and the thought of his life: but it has undergone a change—there is none of the old naïve reverence about it. The flourish of knightly extravagance heightens rather than hides the background of vulgarity. This incongruity is all the greater that its satire is unconscious. The *Vrouwen Dienest* is Ulrich's autobiography; he regards himself as *preux chevalier*; his life is the fitting theme for an epic—which accordingly he writes in stately eight-lined stanzas interspersed

^{*} *Frauentienst*, "Service of Women."

with his songs. Of course in such an account, which is both "Dichtung und Wahrheit," the latter is a little apt to suffer. Still, on the whole, Ulrich is trustworthy. Some of his wildest freaks have external evidence for them, and others are told with a simplicity of detail which looks like truth. Again, he frankly confesses points which, were he elaborating, he would rather conceal. And, finally, if he altered at all, he would alter to improve himself, to make himself what he would fain be like, to give his life at his own valuation. His book would thus be a true description of his ideal, even if the facts should be a little twisted. And probably there is no serious misstatement even of them. The following sketch taken, save in its last scene, from his own account, and retaining where possible his own words, is a true picture probably of his life, certainly of his times.

Ulrich was born, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, of a noble and wealthy house. He himself was afterwards lord of three castles—Lichtenstein, Murau, and Frauenberg; and his father seems to have kept some state and to have opened his halls to the minnesingers and minstrels. Their praise of chivalry and love the young Ulrich heard while he was yet a child riding round the room on a stick. And he thought: "When I am a man I will give my possessions and strength and life itself to women, and serve them as best as I can." When eleven years old he was sent to be page in the court of a neighbouring prince, whose name he is discreet enough not to mention. Here the little monkey, his mind on fire with the lays he had heard, looked about for a lady to whom he might offer his adoration. He modestly fixed on the wife of his prince. There was only one objection—she was of higher rank than he. But Ulrich was hopeful of overcoming that difficulty by faithful service. He began at once, so far as a child could, to pay her his *devoir* early and late. In summer he plucked her flowers, and was overjoyed when they were accepted; he thought, "Thou art touching them even as I have touched." His next proof of devotion is rather more wonderful. In those days knives and forks were not much used at table, so it was all the more necessary that the hands should be clean. As a precautionary measure water was presented to the guests before meat, and it would be the duty of Ulrich as page to serve his lady with a silver ewer. When she was ready he stealthily bore it away into a corner, and—*drank the water*.* After waiting on the princess for five years, he was removed to the household of Henry, brother to the Duke of Austria; that is to say, his body was removed, his heart, he is careful to tell us, remained with his lady. But his new lord taught him all courteous manners and chivalry, how to serve women and how to sing the minnesong. With Henry he remained four years, when his father died, and he returned to Lichtenstein. There he practised tilting and

* For the explanation of this and other allusions, and indeed throughout the paper, I am indebted to Professor Zarnake's account of the book.

jousting ; and three years later he was able to join in a great tournament at Vienna, on the occasion of the marriage of Leopold's daughter with a Saxon prince. Two hundred and fifty pages were knighted at this time, and among them was Ulrich. To add to his happiness, he saw from afar the lustre of his joy, his pure sweet lady ; but on account of spies he did not venture to speak to her. However, he heard at second hand, and that was some satisfaction, that she approved of his knighthood. Under these good auspices he withdrew from Vienna, sought out tournaments all the summer through, and was everywhere successful ; for which he thanked his lady in his heart.

But in winter matters were not so pleasant. He had nothing to do, and was sick for love. Fortunately he found that a favourite cousin knew the princess, and through this good-natured young lady was able to transmit messages and a song. The princess was astonished at this liberty. No doubt the song was good, but she could never accept the service of an inferior. Besides, she objected to Ulrich's personal appearance. "It must always be a vexation to a woman," she said, "to look on his ugly mouth." Of this deformity Ulrich himself gives a fuller account. He describes himself as having three lips, whatever that may mean—certainly not a formation that would recommend him to ladies. But as soon as he heard this criticism of his princess, he determined to get rid of the superfluous member. He rode off to Graez, where there was a famous surgeon. One of his lady's men, whom he chanced to meet, accompanied him to see the performance. The surgeon wanted to bind Ulrich, but to this he objected : he would bear the pain without flinching for the sake of a certain lady. The instruments were brought, and the operation was soon over, both parties having acquitted themselves with honour. As Ulrich tersely remarks : "The doctor cut like a master, and I endured like a man." The spectator was deeply impressed. "If only you recover," he said, "I am glad to have been here." For five and a half weeks Ulrich remained under treatment, which he describes in great detail. He could not eat for the great pain in his mouth and teeth ; he feelingly alludes to his agonies of hunger and thirst, and especially to the evil odour of a salve, green as grass, with which his wound was anointed. But all the while he consoled himself by composing a song, and, when he was once more going about, rode with it to his cousin. She was delighted with his appearance, assured him that none could now take exception to his mouth, and forwarded his poem in a letter which told of the marvel that had happened. The princess was really curious to see the transformed Ulrich, and in a prose reply mentioned where she would be on the next Monday. Of course Ulrich was there to meet her ; but at the goal of his hopes he was doomed to disappointment. Thrice he rode to where she stood ; but love deprived him of utterance, and thrice he had to retire without saying a word. A jest of hers completed his misery, and sent him home to bed so wretched that his friends thought he was going to die. The next

morning when they were fetching a doctor, Ulrich sprang to his feet, leaped on his horse and galloped through the streets. He met his lady, and with the courage of despair told his whole story. She called him a child, remarked very decorously that it did not beseeem a lady to ride alone with a knight, and summoned a second cavalier to her side. Ulrich withdrew, glad at least to have spoken with her.

When winter came, he composed a new song, and what is called a "Büchlein," a sort of love-letter in verse, and sent them to the lady. They were returned, but he saw that more was written on them now than when they left his hands. And here he makes a curious revelation. It was ten days before he learned the purport of the message, for his secretary was from home, and he himself could neither read nor write. When at length the mystery was declared, it did not greatly edify him. It concluded with the warning, repeated thrice: "Who wishes what he must not get, denies himself."

Ulrich was rather depressed at this response, but next spring was again ready for the lists. He took part in a great tournament at Frisach, and acquitted himself creditably. "What I myself did," he says, "on that day, and before, and often since, that for my breeding's sake I will conceal. But one thing I will tell you, and my mouth speaks truly: there I was not the best, neither was I the worst." However, his cousin had heard that he *was* the best, and told the princess so when she sent his next poem. This song is a good specimen of Ulrich's lyrical style, so I quote the first stanza.

In the wild wood there are singing
 Little birds their gladsome lay,
 On the heathland there are springing
 Fairest flowers in shining May.
 Thus my valour blooms, I wis,
 When on *her* sweet grace I ponder
 Who on me doth gladness squander
 As dreams give the poor their bliss.

So far, however, was she from squandering any gladness on him just now, that she wrote back to his cousin: "*You* praise your kinsman from kinship; others praise him rot." These words quite overwhelmed poor Lichtenstein. To make matters worse, the great lady forbade any further intercourse through the cousin, so his resources were exhausted. He spent the summer in jousting, then wrote laments on the lost glories of the earth; and in winter, according to his own confession, rode into the country to seek out pretty ladies. More than once we find him consoling himself in this way when he should have been sitting in sack-cloth and ashes.

Next summer he went tourneying again, and came to a great passage of arms at Brixen. There he met with an accident to which mediæval champions were continually exposed. He had a finger broken off so that it hung from the hand only by a shred—by the vein, Ulrich says.

His friends were greatly concerned, but he bade them be still ; it moved him right little, it had chanced to him in a woman's cause. A doctor bound it up, promising to make Ulrich whole again. But on the sixth day, when the bandages were removed, the finger was 'so black and discoloured that both patient and physician were horror-stricken. Ulrich chased his adviser from the room, and set out for Botzen, where a celebrated doctor lived. He lay for seven days under his treatment ; and during his illness a strange lady sent him, first, four books for his entertainment, then a foreign melody to do into German, and lastly a little dog to reward the masterly execution of this commission. Ulrich, now partly recovered, began to search for a messenger to supply his cousin's place. For long he was unsuccessful ; but at length met a page, a courteous boy, who was his friend. When this page, without being told, guessed who the lady was, Ulrich swooned with terror : could he have been indiscreet ? Reassured on this point, he commissioned the youth to tell the adventure with the finger and deliver sundry songs. The lady's reply only expressed astonishment at his presumption, though, she confessed, his service was true and his songs were lovely. The messenger, however, assured Ulrich that despite these words she was not ill disposed towards him ; and often before he had received a similar consolation from his cousin. Their opinion will strike us as probably the correct one. The lady's subsequent behaviour shows that she was very well pleased to have as one of her admirers this clever young poet rising into notice, who was at the same time rich and well born, and able to hold his own in the lists.

Ulrich at any rate did not take his repulse as final. After a short absence in Rome, he sent new songs and greetings to the lady. But this time she received the messenger with more asperity than ever. She complained that Ulrich had betrayed her. She had been led to believe that he had lost his finger on her account ; but in point of fact, as she hears, he had *not* lost it. The page had to admit that her information was correct. In vain did he urge that the finger was now crooked and of little worth. She was not to be propitiated. On receiving those tidings, poor Lichtenstein's resolution was soon taken. He summoned his friend, Ulrich von Hasendorf, and bade him strike off the offending finger. Hasendorf at first refused, but Lichtenstein was firm. He gives a very circumstantial account of this operation too—still in heroic measure. He placed his hand on the table, a knife on the finger, and cried out, "Now, smight away, honest friend." His friend smote, and the little finger, as Ulrich puts it, "sprang away."

He then wrote a "Büchlein," wrapped it in green samite, and enclosed it and the finger within two golden boards, specially prepared by the goldsmith and clasped with two little golden hands. This he sent in a neat parcel to his lady. When she opened it, she very sensibly exclaimed, "Alack ! I could never have believed such folly of any sane man !" At the same time she melted so far as to say she regretted this,

not from any regard for Ulrich, but from its having happened on her account. Moreover, she promised to place it where she could see it every day!

Ulrich was now jubilant, and received her sanction to a new undertaking which he always regarded as the crowning achievement of his life. This was his famous Progress of Venus. He departed secretly, disguised as a pilgrim with staff and scrip, as though he would go to Rome. But he turned aside at Venice, where he hired a remote lodging. There he lived during the winter, and had women's clothes made to his order. The articles he mentions are twelve gowns, thirty sleeves, three white mantles with hoods, two beautiful long brown braided tresses interwoven with pearls; the last, he tells us, a kind of merchandise which was very plentiful. His saddle, shield, and helmet were all silver white, as were a hundred spears specially prepared for him. His pages' clothing and his horse-cloths were also white. When all his preparations were completed, he issued the following prose proclamation, which he quotes in full: "The worthy Queen Venus, Goddess of Love, to all the Knights who dwell in Lombardy and Friuli and Karinthia and Styria and Austria, even to Bohemia, offers her grace and greeting, and makes known to them that she of her good pleasure will visit them, and teach them in what manner they should deserve and obtain the love of worthy ladies. She gives them to know that she will rise from the sea at Mestre, the day after St. George's Day, and will journey to Bohemia in such wise. And whatso knight will come up against her and break a spear upon her, to him will she give for guerdon a golden ring: that let him send to the woman whom he loves best. The ring has such virtue that to whatsoever woman it is sent, she must ever seem the fairer, and love without deceit him who has sent it. If my lady Venus overthrow a knight, he must bow to the four ends of the world in honour of a certain woman; but if any knight overthrow her, he shall have all the horses that she leads by her." Then follows the itinerary of my lady Venus, describing in detail the route she will take, and on what particular days she will be at the various halting-places. The progress is to last twenty-nine days, and on the eighth day after its termination she will hold a tournament at Neuenburg. During all that time she will not uncover her face or hands before strangers, nor will they hear her voice. The missive concludes by placing in the ban of love, and in the ban of all good women, whoso hears and comes not up against her. Therefore has she given her route that all may know when and where to meet her.

This proclamation was made by Ulrich (for he of course was the goddess Venus) thirty days before he should begin his progress, and it was repeated at each of the stations exactly thirty days before his arrival. By this means a great concourse was gathered together early on the day after St. George's to behold ascending from the sea this new

Italian Aphrodite, ocean-born.

This occurred on Sunday, April 25, 1227. Ulrich at once made himself ready for the road, and now describes his order of march with obvious pleasure in his own magnificence. First rode his marshal and his cook; then came two trumpeters; between them Ulrich's banner, white as any swan; next followed three sumpter-horses with three boys running at their side. Then came three spare chargers, covered, under the care of three more pages. They carried Ulrich's silver shield and silver helm, and his silver saddle was always ready on the back of one of the horses. After them came a flutist, who also beat the drum; then four other pages, each bearing a sheaf of three great spears. Here followed two handsome maidens dressed in white, or, as is probably more accurate, two boys costumed as maidens. Then came two fiddlers, who played a merry march; and last of all Lichtenstein himself, decked out in his woman's attire, not unmindful of his hat trimmed with pearls, his silk gloves, his golden girdle of three fingers' breadth, and the costly brooch on his bosom. In this style they proceeded to Treviso; but here Ulrich met with a vexation which he had not foreseen. The "potestat," the magistrate of the place, interfered to forbid any jousting, and called the whole thing a foolery. The people thought they were to be disappointed of their amusement; Frau Venus and the knights she had summoned gave up hopes of an encounter. Fortunately the potestat was a man of gallantry, and a number of ladies had flocked to see the spectacle; at their petition he agreed to permit the encounter. But now the press was so great that a bridge had to serve the combatants for lists. Here Venus broke her first lance, and after the battle gave away two rings, for which "many a rosy red mouth blessed her."

The history of Ulrich's twenty-nine days' progress is in the main uninteresting. It is a chronicle of tiltings and joustings, which are all much the same. Some of the incidents, however, that spring from his feminine disguise are rather amusing, especially as Ulrich had no idea of their comic side. Thus on the second morning he slept rather long. A page rushed in and exclaimed (not "Sir," for even with his own retinue must the fiction be maintained, but) "Dearest Lady, noble Queen,—two hundred women have come to visit you." Ulrich put on his morning gown and received them. After a while they set out for church, heard mass, and went through the ceremony of the "Paca." In this one kissed a Bible or Prayer Book, and handing it to his neighbour, also kissed him. Ulrich's experiences in this matter were dissimilar. As Venus he always went to the ladies' side of the church; and in Italy, he says, there was invariably a crowd about him, while in Germany he always got no one to accept his salutation.

But everywhere he was regarded with great favour by the ladies, who looked on his garb as a compliment to their sex. Once he had occasion to give four gowns to the wash; an unknown admirer ascertained this, and, when they were sent back, placed among them a fifth, containing a letter, a girdle, and a chaplet. It escaped the marshal's

notice. Not till four days later, when he was looking over his wardrobe, did Ulrich discover the addition. He feared he might be charged with unfaithfulness, and was more grieved than pleased. He stormed at the marshal, who knew nothing about it. All that was ever ascertained was the statement of the note, "These trifles are sent you, because in wearing woman's dress, you honour all women." The reasoning is perhaps a little obscure.

Ulrich received another donation of this kind under more laughable circumstances. He was having a bath, outside the city, in the green-wood, and had been left alone by his attendants. A strange page appeared, and, spreading a carpet on the sward, proceeded, despite Ulrich's remonstrances, to lay on it female apparel, which, he indicated, was the gift of a lady. Ulrich was furious; but the page, nothing abashed, fetched heaps of roses from two companions, and scattered them on Ulrich and his bath till both were completely buried. And in this condition the astonished chamberlain shortly afterwards discovered his master. The picture of the irate paladin in his tub, vociferating vengeance but afraid to move, and pelted with roses as a delicate attention, is one of the most amusing in the book, and of course is recorded with all tragic seriousness.

But though thus honoured, Ulrich was not the only knight "in character." He tells us of two other masqueraders whom he encountered. The first was got up as a monk, and this Ulrich took as a personal insult. Either for that reason, or because he did not choose to attack the cloth, he for long refused to fight him; and when, at the prayer of common friends, he at length consented, he punished the reverend gentleman rather severely.

The other masquerader was dressed, like Ulrich himself, as a woman, with earrings and yellow ringlets. When invited to this joust, Ulrich offered to come merely in his robes, without harness, if his adversary were really a woman. From this, therefore, we see that underneath his silks he wore his mail coat—a precaution with which he has not always been credited.

And now follows an extraordinary passage. At Glokeniz, after jousting all day long, he secured the door of his lodging, and prepared for a secret expedition. He stole away with one trusty page and "rode joyfully to his darling wife, whom he *could not* love better!" Now this is the first time we hear that he is married. He has said much of his lady, but nothing of his wife. And in all likelihood he had children at this time. Moreover, he was comfortable in his home. His wife gave him a glad welcome, and he spent a happy day with her. Nothing shows more clearly the false, artificial character of the Service of Love.

But to this service Ulrich was sworn, and he soon rode off to resume his duties. On the way he met his messenger, and, following him into a field, demanded news. The messenger, with a glad face, refused to give them unless Ulrich should kneel. Ulrich was immediately on his

knees, "as at prayers," he adds; and was now informed that his lady, well pleased with his prowess, had sent him a ring. This threw him into ecstasies, and he went back to work with new vigour. At the end of his progress he had distributed two hundred and seventy-five rings and thrown four knights, without ever being thrown himself. These figures show how his expedition commanded the sympathies of his class. His freaks were the freaks not only of the individual but of the age.

And now the day arrived for the final tournament at Neuenburg. On the morning of this event Ulrich had another message from his princess; this time not so favourable. She accused him of treason, of showing attentions to another lady, and demanded back her ring. Poor Ulrich, who was quite innocent of the offence, was so deeply hurt that he wept like a child, and only on compulsion rode to the lists. But there he fought like a good knight and true. When all was over, he sent off a pitiful message to his lady, while of himself he says, "I rode hence in sorrow to a place where I found comfort—to my darling wife. She could not be dearer to me, though another woman was mistress of my life!"

He heard nothing further for ten days. At length, as he was riding through the fields, a new message was brought him, which again he must kneel to receive. Secret emissaries of his lady had watched his behaviour at the tournament; they had satisfied her that he was true, and she now restored him to favour. Moreover, she would grant him an interview, if on Sunday morning he could be at her castle, disguised as a leper. It was already Friday evening, so there was no time to lose. Ulrich rode off in hot haste, without even going home or sending his people word. On the Saturday night he procured porringer and clothing such as lepers used, and next morning joined the crowd of leprous beggars who sat before the castle waiting for alms. When getting his share, Ulrich was told to remain within reach till he received further instructions. This command he obeyed to the uttermost; and, to disarm suspicion, actually took his food with the lepers, not without shuddering. His hair rose to a hill for their foul breath and at the sight of fingers "which might have been a dead man's laid in his grave for a hundred days." Ulrich now answers the possible objection, how was not he discovered to be a healthy man. "I knew then," he says, "and still know, a herb, which, if taken into the mouth, produces swelling and discolouration. This herb I then had, and had dyed my hair grey." For his lady's sake, he spent the rest of the day in asking alms from door to door, and at night he slept in the corn. The rain poured down, the wind blew, a bitter frost came; and what with these and the stony ground, Ulrich was very miserable. But another day brought him recompense. The princess, surrounded by all her ladies-in-waiting and attendants, granted him an audience, and praised his devotion. And everything was managed just as the romantic Ulrich would have wished.

The interview took place at dead of night. He skulked among the

bushes all the evening till a sheet was lowered for him. Unfortunately during all his years of service he had grown older and heavier than he once was, and the ladies' strength could not lift him very far. In this difficulty he substituted his page for himself. The youth was easily lifted, and Ulrich had the annoyance of seeing him greeted with a kiss which was meant for himself. But now, with the page's help, he was safely hoisted up. The interview did not remain very amicable, however, and Ulrich was suddenly dismissed. In letting him down, too, the ladies played him a trick: he fell headlong, crying, "Alack, alack, and ever alack!" and scaring the watchman out of his wits, who thought it was the devil in the flesh. Ulrich would have drowned himself in despair, but his page brought him a cushion, and said it was from the lady, again turned gracious. This, however, was not true. On the contrary, she was highly indignant at the noise he had made in falling, and imposed on him as punishment a pilgrimage over the sea. This Ulrich readily undertook, and meanwhile rode through the land, looking at the ladies, and by his own account finding many that were fair. The pilgrimage never took place. The lady excused him; and, besides, Ulrich, perhaps from the memory of his night among the corn, had gradually become less enthusiastic about her, till in 1231 he renounced her service altogether. "She did me a deed," he says, "which would make all honest men lament, could I for my breeding's sake disclose it." It is rather a pleasing feature in the shatter-brained Ulrich that he never betrays the secret of his lady's name or of her misdemeanour. But now he cannot refrain from writing angry songs about her. Another lady remonstrated with him for this, and he gave it up. He set himself to find out a new empress, and discovered one "fair and gentle, who crowned her beauty with good bearing and soft manners, and therewith was pure and *suitably old*." This last excellence would commend her to Ulrich, who was himself no longer a youth. Possibly, too, this second lady was the same who stopped his attacks on the first.* In her honour he began a new progress: this time as Arthur, who had returned from Paradise to restore the Round Table. Nothing shows more graphically how the Arthurian Romances had sunk into the lives of the court circles. A number of knights flocked to Ulrich, and named themselves, after the celebrities of the Round Table, Ywan, Parzival, Segremors, and the like. But they kept their native German designation so far as their estates were concerned; and we have thus such odd combinations as Tristram of Lebenberg, Lancelot of Spiegelberg; "his right name was Henry," naïvely adds Ulrich of the latter. On the whole, however, this second expedition is rather tedious, and henceforth such is the character of the book. One other incident deserves to be recorded. In 1246 Duke Frederick of Austria perished in his war with the Hungarians; and two years later Ulrich was surprised by two friends—Weinhold and

* Comp., however, pp. 434 and 439, *Lachmann's Edition*.

Pilgerin—who imprisoned him for a year and three days in his own castle of Frauenburg. By imperial command he was at length restored to freedom, but for some time his two sons and his castle were held as pledges. During his captivity the inveterate old beau, now nearly fifty, had consoled himself by writing love-poems. Indeed the rest of his book is made up for the most part of minnesongs and the praises of love. Some of these are musical and graceful enough, and read with a certain swing. Ulrich is fully alive to his merits as lyric poet. He is fond of remarking at the end of his verses: "This song was universally sung," "This song pleased the fiddlers," "This song was not understood by the simple, but was praised by all who knew," "This song men thought good, and they were right." After one he even exclaims, "These verses were composed wonderfully, the rhymes set in a masterly fashion, the melody could not be better!"

On the other side, however, Ulrich has now to register a series of laments and rebukes. He sees the youth growing up destitute of courteous manners, the people living miserably, the men rejoicing more in hunting and drinking than in knightly service, and the women no longer inciting them to noble deeds. Probably to the same period belongs Ulrich's other work, *Der Vrouwen Buoch*, which is one long indictment of the age for its corruption and degeneracy. In it a knight and a lady accuse respectively the women and the men as guilty of all the evil, till Ulrich himself enters and settles the dispute. The last pages of the *Vrouwen Dienest* breathe exactly the same spirit, and Ulrich's one resource amidst the growing barbarism is to cling more closely to his own service. His last statement is that his lady's behest has moved him to write this biography, and hence its name, *The Service of Women*.

From these closing remarks we see that Ulrich eventually lost *rapport* with his age. When a system landed men in such extravagances as he has described, we cannot wonder that the majority should contemptuously reject it. Chivalry had been weighed in the balance and found wanting. In Lichtenstein himself we find much that shocks; even knights such as he were not free from the prevailing rudeness. The rudeness, indeed, as we saw, *inevitably* resulted in the inevitable disruption of chivalry.

What we find here, therefore, is a contest between old and new, in which each side must have our sympathy. Chivalry, just in such adherents as Lichtenstein, had showed its insufficiency. It was thrown aside; but in the struggle to a new principle much lawlessness, much coarseness, much folly, were necessarily present. So it was natural that men of the old *régime* should remain true to it, and see in all the anarchy and change no new life but only death.

The last incident known of Ulrich's career picturesquely illustrates this opposition between the old and the new. At a banquet in Breslau, he, with some other nobles, was accused of high treason. The veteran joustier claimed the knightly trial by combat. But the world was grown

prosaic. His appeal was disregarded, he was thrown into prison, and, when released, his castles were confiscated. This happened in 1268. He survived a few years, being alive in 1274 and dead in 1277; but the glory of his life had departed, like the glory of the order to which he belonged.

When we now take leave of the poor old knight, it is obvious where his resemblance to his Spanish brother breaks down. In truth, from one point of view he is neither Don Quixote nor Cervantes. Not Don Quixote, for he is no isolated specimen; during the greater part of his life his absurdities were the fashion, though he may have carried them further than usual. Not Cervantes, for his satire is unconscious; he never guesses that he is describing anything but the most rational mode of life. In so far, however, as he reduces chivalry to a burlesque, in so far as the irony of history becomes incarnate in him, in so far as his exit with the old order is partly comic and partly pathetic, we have a right to call him the Don Quixote of Germany.

Loose Men.

SEEING how widely distributed loose men are, and how much loss and inconvenience they entail upon the community at large, it seems strange that their peculiarities and habits should have been so little studied, and the causes and treatment of looseness so little investigated. To deal with the subject exhaustively would be, of course, impossible in a paper like this; but even within these limits something may be done in a tentative way towards its elucidation in the interests of sociology.

Charles Lamb, by one of those bold generalisations of which genius alone is capable, divided mankind into two races—the men who borrow, and the men who lend. This classification has the merit of recognising in the human family the prevalence of that predaceous instinct which exercises such an influence on the life of the lower animals. Man's predacity, however, differs widely from theirs. From the best information we possess on the subject it seems clear that man is not particularly palatable as an article of food. On the whole we have never taken kindly to anthropophagy. There is no proof that our prehistoric forefathers were ever anything more than occasional cannibals; and the cries of "Meat! meat!" which welcomed Mr. Stanley on the Congo river, and the cooking of a missionary, now and then, in the South Seas, are merely evidences of the eccentricities of savage taste, or, it may be, of a rude form of savage humour. Besides, it is at least questionable whether so ready a mode of getting rid of our criminal and surplus population would have been lightly abandoned had the practice been an agreeable one. Man, on the other hand, is distinguished from the lower animals not so much by his cogitative faculty, or tool-making turn, or any other of the distinctive gifts relied upon by philosophers, as by the property-instinct, of which, with the trifling exceptions of the magpie and the raven, no other creature has the smallest share; and in man's case it is his property, not his flesh, that stimulates predacity. Hence we have the two great divisions of mankind—those who wish to keep what they have, and those who wish to take what they have not; or, in other words, the conservative and the predatory classes. Of these, the former has been essentially the same in all ages; but, as property is a thing which is perpetually taking new shapes, the predatory class has been subject to a prodigious progressive development, and is ever producing new forms of predacity.

The loose man is a species of the predatory class which, of course much modified during the lapse of ages, is probably little less ancient

than the institution of property itself. The variety most nearly allied to him is that which is unfavourably known to the rural magistracy and poor-law boards as the "tramp." The loose man and the tramp have many points in common. They have, to start with, the same invincible repugnance to work in any shape, the same inflexible resolution not to allow themselves to be entrapped into working under any circumstances, and the same marvellous ingenuity in defeating all efforts to make them work. Another characteristic they have in common is a fixed persuasion that society is somehow bound to support them, and a quiet determination that society shall be compelled to fulfil the obligation. They are, in fact, both of them, loose men, hanging loose upon society, loose in their notions of right and wrong, loose as to all ties of honour and duty, loose as regards every restraint of conscience and self-respect, loose in everything except in the consistent selfishness that serves them as a guiding principle in life. They prey upon property more after the manner of parasites than plunderers, and belong to the class which the law with its downright phraseology calls "rogues and vagabonds," rather than to the category of bolder scoundrels, whose depredations are of the more straightforward sort. The main difference between them is, that while the tramp relies upon general philanthropy or levies black-mail upon society through the instrumentality of the poor-law, the loose man limits his operations to a comparatively small circle, composed, for the most part, of his own relations, friends, and acquaintances, and trusts to a variety of mixed motives, like family affection, old friendship, compassion, and, above all, the difficulty which perhaps nine people out of ten experience in meeting a spongeing application with a plump refusal. The loose man is necessarily a close observer of human weaknesses, and this last is one which he has made the subject of his most careful study. As the tramp knows the proper mode of appeal for each of the various sorts and conditions of men he meets upon his road, and graduates his style of address so as to suit cottage, farmhouse, or genteel semi-detached, so the loose man has his various ways of approaching his victim, and knows at a glance the right tone to adopt and the manner to assume in each particular case. Experience has taught him when and with whom it will serve best to put on the easy, off-hand air, "Look here, old fellow, there's a little matter in which you can oblige me;" or when to give a graver and more business-like aspect to the operation by representing the accommodation rigidly in the light of a temporary loan; or when it will be advisable to explain matters further by a reference to the unforeseen difficulty in which he finds himself placed by the non-arrival of that "remittance" he had so confidently expected, that phantom remittance which never comes to hand, and yet stands him in such good stead. And then there is the delicate question of amount. Some men there are who, judiciously managed, may be made to bleed at the rate of a sovereign a time for an indefinite period, but who would be rendered sterile and unproductive for ever by an ill-judged attempt to

get a five-pound-note out of them. He has as many different devices for different emergencies and temperaments as the salmon-fisher has flies to suit the moods of the fish and the conditions of water and weather.

One quality he must have—a quality without which all his tactics are vain—and that is, presence of mind. He must always be ready to seize the opportunity the instant it presents itself, and be down upon his man the moment he sees an opening. This gift is especially desirable in the cases of new acquaintances, or the new arrival of old friends after a long absence, when the utmost celerity of action may be required lest some conscientious mutual friend—the loose man's worst enemy—make the quarry prematurely wary, and, by an officious hint, change what seemed a certainty of paper into a bare possibility of gold; under such circumstances his promptitude is sometimes almost admirable. He has been known to extract a five-pound-note on the Admiralty Pier at Dover from a friend stepping ashore from the Calais boat, whom a minute before he believed to be still at Hong Kong. "Diddler will have a sovereign out of him before he has been five minutes in the room," said an observer, seeing a new arrival come in, followed by a notorious operator. "Scarcely," was the answer, "for he has just had two in the hall."

At the same time promptness must be tempered by judgment, and here the loose man's intuitive perception of character comes into play. Some men are like woodcocks with whom not a second is to be lost after they are first flushed; while others are like wild-fowl in the open—up and away if the fowler attempts to go straight at them, and only approachable by a roundabout course, bringing him nearer and nearer by gradually decreasing circles. In fact, there is no art—and the loose man's craft is truly one—in which the maxim of "*ars est celare artem*" is more peremptory. His concealment of his art when he makes a morning call—one of his favourite modes of raising a temporary supply—is often a wonderful example of what may be achieved by practice. The studied sprightliness of his conversation, the bright and cheery views of life to which he gives expression, his candid and straightforward tone, his easy flow of spirits, his careful avoidance of all depressing topics, like the decline of trade, the tightness of the money market, the general prevalence of distress; the adroitness with which he impresses you with the notion that he is a light, careless, butterfly sort of creature, in whose thoughts difficulties, necessities, money, ways and means, have no place; and then, after he has taken his hat to go, and while his sunbeamy influence is still strong upon you, the way in which puts (as though it were the merest afterthought, only just that instant occurred to him), the question which is to all his palaver what a lady's postscript is to the body of the letter—"Look here; could you, &c., &c.?" If all this does not imply the artist, what is art? Sometimes, for the sake of a still greater appearance of innocence, he will actually take his departure, always returning shortly afterwards on some excuse, to ask you something he had forgotten—whether you had seen X—? Could you give him Y—?

address? Could you repeat that capital story you told him of Z——? and then—as before. To the same end he is given to leaving something behind him—his gloves, his handkerchief, the book he has been showing you, which he laid down and forgot in his careless, guileless way. When you find any such memento of his visit, rest assured you will soon have to restore the pledge with interest.

With him, as with some other irregular practitioners, “a personal interview, when practicable, is always preferred.” By letter-writing he loses some of his greatest advantages. He is unable to hold you “with his glittering eye.” You are relieved from the awkwardness of giving a *viva voce* refusal; and, above all, you have time to reflect and shape your answer, which is never good for him. To minimise these disadvantages he rarely avails himself of the post, much preferring to send his favour by hand, and by a messenger who, as you are painfully conscious, is perfectly aware of the contents of the missive, and keenly interested in the success of the mission. For circumstances sometimes compel him to make an epistolary application.

Occasionally friends will show so unequivocally that they do not relish his personal visits that he is practically without any other mode of communicating with them, and he is also extremely liable to indisposition for strategical reasons. As a correspondent he is a very different being from the gay, light-hearted creature who drops in on you as a visitor. All his constitutional cheerfulness and buoyant spirits appear to desert him the moment he takes a pen in hand. Dejection is no name for the frame of mind in which he reluctantly appeals to you. And no wonder, considering the shameful way in which he has been treated, and how his open, trusting nature has been abused by those on whom he depended. It almost makes him doubt whether life is worth living in a world where such things are possible; whether it would not be better to—but enough of this; he is ashamed, or rather would be ashamed, to exhibit his weakness to any other than you, and even to you he is almost ashamed to make the humiliating confession that he is now temporarily penniless (a favourite phrase), and for the moment in want of the common necessities of life (duckling and dry sherry); or else unable to procure the medicine which he is informed would give immediate relief, and which, if you called upon him later on in the evening, you would possibly find him taking, in the stimulating and pleasant form of mixed punch. But, such is the scepticism of friends, his pathos is seldom as productive as it deserves to be. They have an unfeeling way of cutting him down, and an old and hardened hand never thinks of sending him more than half the sum he asks for. The rule apparently held good even two hundred years ago, as we may see by *Pepys's Diary*:—“A letter (by hand, of course), from Poet Fisher telling me he is upon a panegyric of the King and to beg a piece of me. And I did send him *half a piece*.” Payne Fisher, who is here referred to, seems, by the way, to have been a very perfect specimen of the loose man, and this panegyric of the King

which he is "upon," is most characteristic. The loose man is very fond of having some more or less ambitious scheme on hand to use as a stalking horse. Like the well-spoken young man in Dickens's immortal paper on "Tramps," he would not beg, for the world, but he has his "comb." Will you not advance him something on his "comb," "which is a genuine article!"

Letter-writing, on the whole, must be held to mark a stage in the loose man's career. When he takes to it at all regularly it is a sure sign of failing powers, that he is losing nerve, and that his impudence is no longer what it used to be. From this it is but one step to what I take to be his lowest stage, the "wandering half-crowner," who does not call, and, if he writes, sends in a thing like a curl-paper, but prefers to trust to chance, hanging about the streets, haunting places where he is likely to run against old acquaintances, lurking at street-corners and entries, whence he pounces on the wayfarer and takes toll of him like a shabby Rhine baron, who has long since abandoned all hope of paper; does not, even in his most sanguine moments, aspire to gold, but limits his ambition to any loose silver he can extract. In this stage he is but one degree removed from the tramp; or rather he is, in fact, a tramp about town, and wonderfully like his congener of the country roads. You may know either of them for what they are at a glance. At this pitch of his fortunes the loose man almost invariably assumes a mysterious green coat of a mongrel type, neither a frock-coat nor a sartout, nor a paletot, and yet a mixture of all three. But it is about the feet that he and the tramp show their affinity most plainly. Shod or barefoot, the tramp proclaims himself tramp and nothing else, by his lower extremities; and the experienced eye will always detect the wandering half-crowner by his boots.

So far the loose man has been considered only in his more general aspect and more fully developed condition; but, as some noxious insects do most mischief in the grub state, he is far more mischievous at an earlier stage of existence when his operations are less observable to the general eye. When he is flitting loose on society his depredations, though in the aggregate they may amount to something considerable, separately and in detail are seldom very serious, and are spread over a wide surface. At the worst he is a kind of irregular tax-gatherer, a perambulating turnpike perpetually planting itself in your way and taking toll of you, a sort of unaccountable *droit de seigneur* on your purse; but if he makes any really grievous difference in your banker's book you ought in common honesty to lay it to the charge of your own weakness, as you should your occasional transgressions in the matter of lobster patties or imprudences at Homburg. He is, of course, a bore, a worry, a nuisance, and an irritation, always aggravated by the assurance that he leaves you with his tongue in his cheek and a confidential wink, as he chuckles to himself: "Sold again and got the money; now for the next customer;" and to some it is not his exactions that are so vexatious as the infliction of his glib slackjaw, and the humiliating sense of having

been "done" by impudence, which always remains after an interview with him. There is a well-known instance of a sufferer who always left a few sovereigns in a saucer on the chimney-piece, so that visitors of this class might help themselves and save him the annoyance of knowing anything about the matter. In one respect he certainly is injurious. Contact with him is apt to lower your moral tone somewhat by driving you to parry his attack by a mendacity borrowed from his own armoury. If you are disinclined to yield, and lack the necessary resolution to meet him with a plump and sturdy refusal, there is nothing for it but to fib freely. In this emergency there is nothing like a good, downright, brazen bouncer about the state of your finances—one which he will not believe, but still has to swallow. The sin is just the same, and it is far more effectual than a feebly credible falsehood. But except in these ways the loose man is not a very grave evil when he has a tolerably wide field to operate upon. His first forays are almost always upon his own family and immediate relations, and it is there his ravages leave the deepest mark. Widows' houses devoured, elder brothers straitened, younger brothers hampered in their start in life, sisters portionless and unmarried, struggling gentility in seaside lodgings—these are among the loose man's earliest achievements and the first sacrifices to the jovial creature's enjoyment of life. Even if his devastations do not reach this pitch, they are sufficiently hard to bear. There are few of us probably who have not, at one time or another, seen how he "comes down like the wolf on the fold," bringing trouble and distress upon some quiet, peaceful household. You don't know what it is, but something clearly has gone wrong one morning. The eldest daughter is presiding at the breakfast table. "Mamma has a bad headache," it appears. The post seems to be unusually fraught with disagreeable correspondence. The papers are evidently full of disquieting matter to paterfamilias. The after-breakfast stroll and inspection of the stables and paddocks are gone through in a moody, perfunctory manner. Tobacco seems to have lost its sedative properties. Even the Caractacus filly, whose prepossessing points are ordinarily a certain restorative of good humour, this morning fails to have a soothing effect upon her owner. He takes a gloomy view of her hocks, and forebodes a promising career blighted by thickened back-sinews. At last the murder is out. "Isn't it too bad? That confounded scapegrace brother of poor Mary's come to grief again. Here's the third time I have had to pull him out of a mess. No sooner is he out of one than he is into another; and here I am with Jim's Cambridge bill and Tom's outfit, and Wrench's costs all to be met, and this affair coming on the top of them. Poor Mary is awfully cut up about it, of course. And, as if this wasn't enough, I must have the fellow down here. He has been sorely harassed and persecuted by his creditors, he tells her. He is broken in health and spirits, he says, and is in want of a little quiet and change of air and scene." And then there seems to float upon the morning breeze something which somehow does not sound like a blessing.

Very likely you yourself do not look forward to the arrival of the insolvent invalid with any pleasurable anticipations. You picture to yourself, probably, a shabby, shrinking, conscience-stricken being, bowed down by misfortune and the sense of dependence. But if you expect any evidence of contrition or conscience in the loose man (except indeed as a purely dramatic assumption) you have wholly mistaken the character. When he does appear he is seen coming up the avenue in the dog-cart, making old Robin Grey step out in a way that astonishes that sober-paced animal and disgusts coachman John who clearly considers his freedom with the whip unconstitutional. He alights at the door the very picture of health and spirits, and newly rigged from head to foot in an elegant and becoming style, and is followed by a remarkably neat portmanteau and a brand-new dressing-bag stamped with his monogram. "Fisher's new pattern," he remarks complacently. In short, like Dogberry, he has everything handsome about him. Any fears you might have had as to his proving a damper to the cheerfulness of the house are soon dispelled. He is gaiety itself, sparkling with all the newest and best town jokes, and rattling away with the voluble vivacity of a Charles Mathews in private life. The womankind are charmed with him. It is delightful to see poor dear George in such good spirits—to see how well he bears it all; and as for the young men, they admire him with that fanatical admiration which very young men always give to a man who seems to them a man of the world, one who has had experiences, and has seen and knows Life—with the capital L. And here, listen to me for a moment, ye fathers of families, for even among this chaff of mine there may be, here and there, a grain or two of wisdom worthy the picking, and if ye lay to heart the *rede* the present number of the CORNHILL will not be your worst shilling's-worth for the current year. Let a glandered horse into your stables. Take a convicted burglar for your butler. Get a complete set of the Second Empire novels and dramas for your daughters' French reading. Do these things if you like, but never let a loose man within your doors if you have sons growing up to manhood. Pay his debts for him if you choose; board and lodge him if you please, and if you follow Major Jackman's advice to Mrs. Lirriper, and board and lodge him "in a powder magazine, with a handsome gratuity to the proprietor when blown up," so much the better; keep him if you will, but, whatever you do, keep him at a distance; for not glanders, rinderpest, or dry-rot is more insidious and infectious than looseness. Once let a loose man effect a lodgment by your fireside, and you will soon see the plague spreading among your young men. Before long you perceive signs of a sort of secret intelligence or freemasonry passing between him and them. Jokes, of which you have not, nor are meant to have, the key, you observe to be in circulation. By certain subtle indefinable symptoms it is brought home to you that you are being, in a manner, deposed, and that your control is giving way before a new loose philosophy according to which you and your ideas and authority belong to an obsolete state of things, and your only recognisable

function is that of a paymaster. To humbug, hoodwink, and bamboozle the governor, and under all circumstances make him "shell out;" to regard all such things as honour, duty, truth, principle, as mere Sunday-school phrases; to look upon industry in any form as retrograde, self-indulgence as the only rational aim of life, and one's fellow-creatures as sponges to be squeezed for the means thereof—these are some of the leading articles of the loose man's doctrine to a youth of proper spirit. And hence it comes to pass that Jim, who had his compunctious feelings about his college expenses, now begins to wonder at his own moderation, and goes up secretly resolved to have a bill next term that will rather astonish you; while Joe, your good boy, whom his mother hopes to see an arch-deacon at least, shows signs of recalcitrancy against the Church, and, on the whole, opines that something less slow—the army, for instance—is his true vocation.

As to your womankind, it matters less; he cannot harm them much. Still, he is best away from them too, for the simple reason that the women will believe in him and abet him. Why it is that women take to and sympathise with a scamp, is one of those social problems that have always defied satisfactory explanation; but in this particular instance they show that incapacity for perceiving distinctions, which is sometimes said to be a characteristic of the sex. The loose man has many of the outward and visible marks of the scamp about him; but scamp, pure and simple, he is not. The scamp may be dissipated, idle, reckless, a ne'er-do-well, and a spendthrift; but he may be, and often is, a brave, honourable, manly fellow, with a kind heart and warm natural affections. The loose man is selfishness personified, and would contentedly see kith and kin, friends and relations, sunk "full fathom five," if he thought there was no chance of getting any more of what he playfully calls "pewter" out of them. You never catch him enlisting in the army, or serving before the mast, or roughing it in the bush, as you hear of the scamp doing so often. He has far too reverent a care of his precious health, and is far too fond of his ease and comfort, to run the risk of hardship and adventure. He would rather sponge upon the poorest relative he has, than do an honest day's work in any capacity. This the women cannot or will not see. They are taken by his palaver, and accept all his gammon as gospel. They certainly show in a much more amiable light than men in the matter; for men see and know him to be a humbug, and nevertheless submit to his exactions from pure cowardice, fearing to be thought mean, stingy, or close-fisted; or else shrinking from the possibility of an exposure of some sort if his requisitions are not complied with. The women, on the other hand, have complete faith in his flummery, fully believing him to be the victim of circumstances, the injured innocent, the interesting sufferer, he represents himself, crediting all his figments about his poor health, pitying, petting, and making excuses for him, that poor fellow! "he never could apply himself to anything;" which is very like the affectionate mother's explanation why

her daughter was never able to keep a situation for more than a month, that it *might* be because she was "such a liar, poor thing." In fine, he knows what gammon can do with them, and, as a matter of course, lays it on thick. How gammon will flourish, and what a time that will be for dealers and practitioners in gammon of all sorts, when progress shall have achieved what is rhetorically called "the emancipation of Woman!"

His gaiety, his sprightliness, his knack of making himself agreeable, all, of course, tell powerfully in the same direction. As I have already pointed out, liveliness is a quality which his calling compels him to cultivate. He can no more do without it than the tramping tinker can do without his budget, or the Cheap-Jack without his volubility. But besides this, there is really no earthly reason why he should not be lively company. Philosophers of the Harold Skimpole school are exempt from the agencies which render other men dull at times. They have no cares, no anxieties, no worries; they toil not, neither do they spin, and know not what it is to be weary. They take no thought for to-morrow; for the world is their oyster, and as long as gullibility, simplicity, timidity, and cowardice are to be found there, they need feel no uneasiness. All they ask is to live—a request so reasonable and moderate that society must perforce comply with it. As to the "how?" that is no affair of theirs, that is your look-out; it is a mere matter of detail, and they have no head for detail; they never pretended to have. All they know is they must live. It may be that an Esther Summerson, here and there, will think she sees a flaw in this reasoning; but to the mass of womankind (blessings on their tender hearts!) it seems unimpeachable, and they cannot understand those hard-hearted sceptics who refuse to recognise its cogency, and withhold their sympathy from a creature so bright and cheery, and amiable, and pleasant as the loose man is, with all his little failings. When I think how widely distributed loose men are, and that probably one family in five has or had a specimen somewhere among its branches, I shudder at the idea of the indignation these pages will excite, and of the many gentle readers who will say, "Odious man! I'm sure he must have met poor dear Charley somewhere;" or, "This must be a horrid cruel caricature of darling Harry—it's so like him." Still, the truth must out; the women are responsible, directly or indirectly, for a great deal of the looseness that is abroad. It is not merely that they abet and give aid and comfort to the loose man, but they are not unfrequently the original cause of his looseness. The ignoble army of martyrs to this malady is largely recruited from the class of mothers' darlings, family pets and spoiled children, whose undoing is wholly woman's work. The young cub soon discovers the potency of feminine influence and the art of securing it. He finds how easy it is, when backed up by female authority, to 'gang his ain gait' and be idle and self-indulgent, and becomes confirmed in that way of life, just as a skittish young horse, finding how easily he throws a loose-seated rider, becomes a confirmed buck-jumper. The women, he knows, will beg him off, will screen him, will stand between

him and masculine anger, and in process of time he learns how to utilise them for his more serious scrapes in a roundabout way, reminding one of the "House that Jack built." He wheedles the sisters to coax mamma to bully papa to draw the cheque, to meet the bill that raised the money that Jack spent.

But, in truth, if the germ of looseness is there, it does not require much to develop it. Example and company are, perhaps, after all, the most common and powerful agents in this way. In a very large number of cases, it comes of silly young frogs striving to rival the young oxen in whose society they chance to find themselves, and it needs no profound insight into science to see that any such unnatural inflation must produce flaccidity of tissue and general looseness. Possibly the luckless frog is not always entirely to blame. It may be that he has been in some degree encouraged to blow himself out. Perhaps he comes of a quiet, plodding middle-class family, that with steadily growing prosperity has become slightly tinctured with the sin by which the Angels fell. When Sam, the eldest boy, was to be started in life, the best that could be done with him was to perch him on a tall stool in the paternal office, as a preliminary step to becoming "son" to his father in the business. When Tom's turn came, new connections had been made, and he was articulated to the eminent firm of Pounce, Driver, and Ferret, the esteemed London correspondents of the house, who had of late thrown so much good business in its way. But by the time it becomes necessary to consider what is to be done with Willy, things look so flourishing that family opinion (Sam and Tom, however, abstaining) pronounces itself distinctly in favour of Willy being made a gentleman. The Bar is the sphere selected for him to shine in; his brothers will by that time have business enough to give him a start, and his own talents, already the admiration of the household, will do the rest. A seat in Parliament, Attorney-Generalship, Woolsack, what may not be on the cards? and the family prospectively suns itself in the radiance of his greatness, and discounts the consequences of his brilliant career. After a period of schooling of a very different sort from that of the local day-school, which had to suffice for Sam, or the Academy which did for Tom, he is sent to Oxford as the first indispensable stage on his road. His first vacation at home convinces the household of the rapid progress he has already made. Mother and sisters are delighted and astonished at his advance in manliness and polish, and cannot understand how so great a change could have been effected in so short a time. Clearly he is on the right track. He almost takes away their breath by his evident familiarity with that jolly fellow Lord Tankardstown, whose rooms are just under his, and that other good fellow, Sir Tilbury Tandem, the heir of Tantivy Chase. Poor homely Sam seems homelier than ever; and even Tom, whose Lincoln's Inn experience of fashionable life has made him hitherto the family oracle on the subject, and a kind of connecting link with the gay world, pales his ineffectual fire under the brilliancy of the Oxonian meteor. It

is a little disappointing, perhaps, to perceive that with all this there is a certain mixture of scarcely-concealed contempt for home and its homely ways, and a disposition to treat things heretofore held sacred with a sort of good-humoured ridicule; and it is not without a kind of awe that the house listens to such startling dogmas as that the Pater's special old port, a glass of which in days of yore was the summit of bacchanalian ambition to the youngsters, is a liquid that no civilised being ever thinks of drinking. Perhaps Pater himself, too, in the solitude of his sanctum, and over his accounts, cannot repress a private sigh that making a gentleman should be the costly process it appears to be. But as a man of the world he knows that if you would have a luxury you must pay for it, and that an omelette is not to be made without breaking eggs.

The same phenomena present themselves more and more forcibly on each successive visit. The manliness and polish are on each occasion more manifest, especially in the direction of jewellery and boots; the Oxford course each time seems to include more Tankardstown and Tandem and less Thucydides, more riding to hounds and less coaching for honours, and it at length forces itself upon the family perception that the once certain first-class has become an improbability of the utmost remoteness. Pater's face, in sympathy with the bills laid before him, grows longer and longer, mutterings of anger are heard from Tom, and Sam is sulky, and declares that to his knowledge the annual cost of making Willy a gentleman is more than that of the maintenance of all the rest of the family put together. Perhaps he scrapes through without a pluck, and then settles down to read for the Bar; but by this time those headaches which contributed so much to blight his prospects of University distinction have become chronic, and the defective ventilation of a pleader's chambers drives him a good deal to Epsom, Ascot, billiards, and the club smoking-room. When he is called he makes believe to go circuit for a spell, and Tom tries to throw a brief or two in his way; but even if the other demands on his leisure permitted him to bestow proper care and attention upon the papers, his ignorance and incompetence make such patronage rather too much of a risk for a young and rising solicitor. As might be expected, Tankardstown and Tandem society proves incompatible with the best income he can manage to extract from the paternal pocket, and the consequence is the establishment of a few of those accommodating reserved debts which, because they do not press immediately, men of a philosophical and sanguine temperament are apt to treat as mere trifles. When the old gentleman dies, however—"cutting up," as the phrase is, is by no means so well as was anticipated—these assert themselves with unexpected vigour, and make wild work with the portion falling to our Willy. Then follows the natural course of things, the old story, shifts and struggles to live, sojourns at Sloman's, family "whips" to release the captive, family councils to see what can be done with him. There is a vague idea, perhaps, that Tankardstown or Tandem may be got to "do something" for him; but by this time they

have assumed their proper positions in society : Tankardstown has become the Earl of Waterborough, and the earnest social reformer that all the world knows ; and Sir Tilbury is absorbed in improving the breed of cattle, and hunting the Tantivy country, and both are practically as inaccessible as the summit of Chimborazo. There are very likely some abortive attempts from time to time to fix him in berths of one sort or another, which he is too idle, too incompetent, and too fine a gentleman to retain. Tom, with a steadily-filling quiver, turns rusty, and vows that no more outdoor relief shall be squeezable from *him* ; and if Sam does not follow suit it is because the women at home, with their tears and evident determination to take the whole burden upon themselves, prevent him. To this state of things the victim of circumstances resigns himself with that easy philosophy which is the one valuable acquirement he has carried away from the course of education he has pursued. Whether he can dig or not, it is certain he shows no disposition to try, and, if possible, still more certain that to beg he is *not* ashamed ; and the only purpose or function in life he can be said to fulfil is to illustrate the fact that, whatever difficulty there may be about making a gentleman, it is a very easy matter to make a loose man.

I said at the beginning that the treatment of looseness was one of the points which any adequate treatise on the subject should consider ; but, in truth, the pathology of the disease will of itself point out the proper prophylactics and remedies. If these fail through want of resolution in applying them, there is a form of treatment which might be tried with advantage ; but it is one which I am almost afraid to propose to a generation as sentimental as the present. We sometimes carry the valuable English quality of thoroughness a little too far in our reforms ; in doing away with an abuse we are rather too fond of burning our ships behind us, so as to make all retreat impossible. Our method of dealing with slavery is an example of this. Were it not for the uncompromising way in which we have denounced slavery as an institution wholly detestable, which we can never countenance under any circumstances or in any form, we should have ready to hand an easy and practical way of disposing of our loose men. Sell them. When a man has shown himself to be incurably loose, I would sell him by public outcry for whatever he might fetch, for the benefit of his creditors. An eloquent, an ingenious auctioneer could easily point out many ways in which he might be made useful to a purchaser. Dressed in some fancy uniform he would serve admirably for standing outside a draper's shop, and opening and shutting carriage-doors ; or inside, in evening dress, for handing chairs to the lady customers. People are at present often deterred from accepting handbills in the streets by the frowzy and forbidding appearance of the distributors ; here again would be an employment for him. Then see how serviceable he might be on the stage. Too often scenic effect is marred by the inferior quality of the class of supers at present available, and by their disreputable mien and defective physique. How

deplorable is often the aspect of a Roman Senate or an assembly of Venetian nobles, and what a valuable property a dozen well-set-up and personable loose men would be to an enterprising manager for these purposes! One can imagine what an interesting scene a sale at Christie's or Tattersall's would be under such circumstances, and how the auctioneer would invite attention to the merits of the lot. "Now, gentlemen, we come to 407; a graduate of Oxford, and might have been an honour-man if he chose. He would make a capital billiard-marker, that game being the only thing he has ever pursued steadily. A rare opportunity, gentlemen, for billiard-room proprietors. If you look at his figure (make the lot stand up, John) you will see, I think, that he would also make a gentlemanlike and imposing hall-porter for an insurance office or public institution; and I dare say he would be suitable for a circus to crack a whip in the middle, and have jokes cracked on him by the clown. Warranted perfectly healthy; for, though he's fond of shamming delicate health, there's really nothing the matter with him except what is caused by indolence and self-indulgence; and a judicious purchaser will know how to cure *that* (laughter). Now, gentlemen, don't keep me here all day; what shall we say, to begin with?"—and so on.

But, it will be urged, what would be the use of putting up for sale a man who will not work? Nobody would bid for such an article. No doubt, the objection would be a forcible one were it not that there is an easy way of obviating the difficulty. But here, again, in the face of popular prejudice, I scarcely like to mention the remedy—whipping. Under the conditions of sale I would always have liberal whipping powers conceded to the purchaser. I am not sentimental myself; and, whatever the confession may cost me in the opinion of the reader, I feel bound to own that the spectacle of an insolent, heartless rascal, who with entire self-satisfaction has been living on the weakness of others, wriggling and roaring under a firmly applied three dozen, is one which I myself should contemplate, I believe, with composure—nay, I will even admit, possibly with a certain admixture of satisfaction. To those, however, who do not share my feelings on the subject, I venture to point out that in practice it would probably be seldom necessary to have recourse to any stimulant of the kind; for, such is the loose man's extreme sensitiveness to everything in the shape of personal discomfort, the mere prospect of the discipline would generally suffice to extract a fairly remunerative amount of work out of him.

But I need not say I am not so utopian as to fancy that so rational, practical, straightforward, and, as I believe, effectual a mode of dealing with loose men, has the slightest chance of adoption in the present age. Indeed, if it had any chance, the necessity for it would not exist; for, in truth, all that is wanted to abate the nuisance is a little firmness, a little insensibility to the powers of gammon, and perhaps also a little of that much decried but occasionally very useful quality—hardness of heart.

In Memoriam.

(MAJOR STEUART SMITH.)

I.

THERE sweeps across the ocean foam
 A chill blast, heavy with despair,
 And many a broken English home
 Is shuddering into silent prayer;
 Unlooked for, and undreamt of, strike
 Those words of evil, wounding deep,
 To rouse us wild with terror, like
 The stab that murders sleep.

II.

Yet in the ruin, death and shame,
 In the dark rush of howling crowds,
 (Like a star evermore the same
 Above all tempest-shaken clouds,)
 Shines forth a brave soul, to be known
 Through the long ages as they run;
 He, who of England thought alone,
 And surely spiked the gun.

III.

When that strange earthquake of defeat,
 That storm of horrible surprise,
 Upon our weary soldiers beat,
 He would not even lift his eyes;
 Through all the slaughter raging wide,
 He saw a duty to be done,
 With time to do it, ere he died,—
 And so he spiked the gun.

IV.

Happier than his brave comrades then,
 He kept a clear unwavering will;
 They could but fight and fall like men,
 But he worked hard for England still:
 His last sad strokes rang firm and true,
 And his whole heart was filled with one
 Proud thought to sweeten death—he *knew*
 That he had spiked the gun.

V.

Luxurious weaklings murmur low,
 Because they think the road is rough:
 "Are lives worth having—Aye or No?"
 We find this answer good enough:
 Yes, it is well that we should live,
 Though lampless be man's path and dim,
 If life at honour's call can give
 A strength to die like him.

VI.

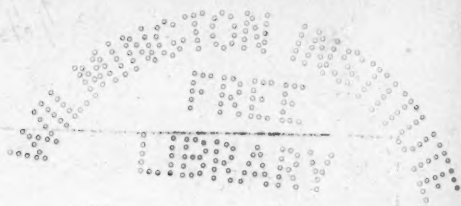
For him at least Death crowns. We send
 Two men to do the work of five;
 Then, if they fail us, turn and rend
 The one who may be left alive.
 Nay, if both fall, at both we chafe,
 In our mean anger sparing none:
 Still, he from evil tongues is safe—
 The man who spiked the gun.

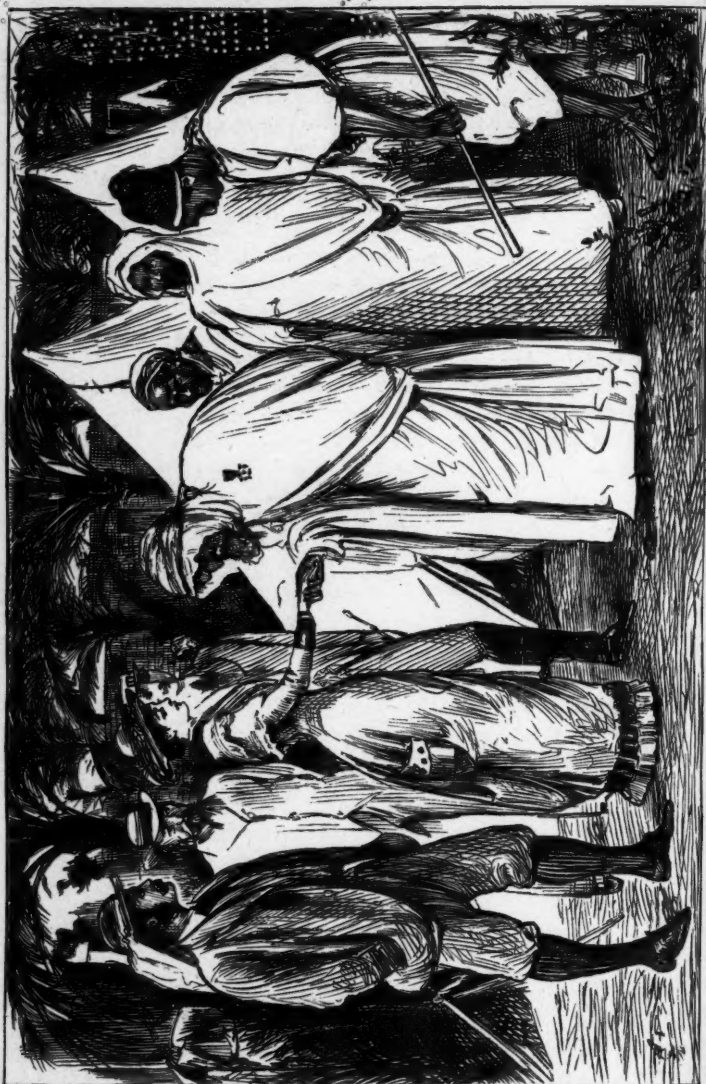
VII.

Let loose your sorrow without fear,
 Ye who now proudly mourn the dead;
 No wind of bitterness can sear
 The oakleaves* round that sacred head.
 A wave on glory's living sea,
 Till Fate's cold gripe hath quenched the sun—
 Arrayed in light the name shall be
 Of him who spiked the gun.

F. H. DOYLE.

* The civic crown—ob cives servatos.





HE TOOK HER HAND AND BAILED IT TO HIS FOREHEAD.

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Mademoiselle de Mersac.

CHAPTER VIII.

MADAME DE TRÉMONVILLE AT HOME.



THE grave, silent Arabs, who, with their long strings of camels, leave Algiers by the Bab-Azoun, and, following the curve of the bay, set their faces in a south-easterly direction; the sturdy Kabyles, trudging towards their native mountains, with money, well earned by a month or so of hard labour in the town, in their purses; the farmers and butchers, on their way to the great weekly cattle-market at Bouffarik; the strangers, whose guide-books command them to visit Blidah and the far-famed Gorge of the Chiffa—all these, before they have well accomplished three miles of their journey, pass, on their left hand, a pleasant, shady domain, where avenues of palm and plane and eucalyptus, parterres gay with many-tinted flowers, and cool, dark vistas, at the edge of which a glint of foam shows where the breakers meet the shore, might tempt the wayfarer to turn aside out of the heat and dust, and rest awhile, if the exigencies of business permitted of such delay. This property, which bears the modest title of the "Jardin d'Essai," was set aside by the French Government, shortly

after the conquest of Algiers, for the establishment of a great nursery-garden, and for the acclimatisation of tropical plants. It has answered its purpose well; and at the present time is not only a boon to colonists, but a charming, cool retreat, where lazy people can dream away an hour or two in that contentment of idleness which can only be enjoyed in its perfection under southern skies.

Thither wandered M. de Saint-Luc, on a warm, still afternoon; and, seating himself at the end of one of the alleys, fell, as of late it had become habitual to him to do, into a melancholy reverie. From the point at which he had taken up his position the shore took an inward sweep, so that a broad stretch of blue and glittering sea intervened between him and the town of Algiers, which rose abruptly from the water, white and dazzling, like a city of marble, against its green background.

Saint-Luc surveyed the prospect with a sigh. His thoughts reverted to the time—ininitely remote, as it now seemed—when, as a gay young Chasseur-d'Afrique, without much money to spend, but with a fine stock of health and animal spirits, he had fought in Kabylia under old Marshal Randon, and when, the campaign being ended, he had been ordered to Algiers with his regiment, and had come in sight of the town on just such a fine afternoon as this. There had been a good deal of laughing and joking between him and his brother officers, he remembered—much mutual congratulation upon their safe return to civilised luxuries; and it had been agreed that they were to treat themselves that evening to the best dinner that Algiers could produce, and to go to the theatre afterwards. But he had not gone to either dinner or theatre; for, on his arrival, a letter had been handed to him which briefly announced that his old father was dead, and had left him a rich man.

"It was my last day of happiness," sighed Saint-Luc, forgetful of the commencement of his Parisian career, which had been merry enough until satiety had robbed it of its charm. "When I sailed for France, I left my youth behind me, and never knew what I had lost till it was far past retrieving. Ah! if I had met her then! Or if I could be young now!" How many years was it since Saint-Luc and his comrades had ridden gallantly home from the hill-country of the discomfited Kabyles? How many years? And how much had they held that a man could look back upon with any kind of comfort or pride? Once he had broken his right arm in a steeple-chase at La Marche, and had scrambled on to his horse again and won the race, amidst roars of applause; once he had broken the bank at Baden; and once he had disarmed the famous Duc de Chaumont St.-Hilaire in a duel. These were his triumphs; and time had been when he had contemplated them with some self-approval. In his present mood, he recalled them with profound disgust. Such feats might command the homage of a Madame de Trémonville; but with Jeanne, as he knew, they were not likely to count for much.

"She despises me," he thought; "and *parbleu*! I am inclined to share in her sentiments. If she felt any admiration for me, it is I who should despise her. What right have I to expect that she, in her proud purity, should stoop to marry a half-ruined spendthrift? The wisest thing I could do would be to take myself off back to France—only that is no longer possible. I must wait on, and take my dismissal from her own lips. It will not kill me—but I wish I had illusions enough left to be able to believe that it would!"

The sound of approaching wheels interrupted his dismal self-communing, and at the same moment he heard himself called by name.

Léon de Mersac, driving a low pony-carriage, had pulled up a few yards from the dreamer, and was contemplating him in undisguised astonishment.

"You here!" he exclaimed. "What in the world are you doing in the Jardin d'Essai, all by yourself?"

"I am doing nothing," answered Saint-Luc, getting up. "It is the habit of the country, is it not?"

"It is not my habit," said Léon; "I have always plenty to do—too much even. For instance, I ought to be at the market at Bouffarik to-day; instead of which, I have to go and call upon Madame de Trémonville. Will you come?"

"I would rather send my card by you."

Léon shook his head. "She would not like that. She always expects her friends to call in person."

"Am I one of her friends? I did not know it," said Saint-Luc; "but if I must go, I may as well go with you. And by-the-bye, Léon," he added, as he seated himself in the pony-carriage, "I was thinking of saying a word or two to you about that lady, if you will not think it too great a liberty."

"Say what you please. I shall think nothing a liberty that comes from you," answered Léon, politely.

"I am going to make you angry, nevertheless. Well, you must try to forgive me. Do you know that this good Madame de Trémonville is amusing herself by trying to make a fool of you?"

"No," answered Léon, decidedly; "I do not know it. You misunderstand her; and I am not surprised at your doing so, for she is fond of admiration, like all women who are young and pretty; but she is not a coquette. If you were as well acquainted with her as I am, you would have no feeling towards her but one of the deepest compassion; for, though perhaps you might not suppose it from seeing her in public, she is very unhappy."

"So those perennial smiles, and that charming flow of animation, only disguise an aching heart. How sad!"

"It is easy to sneer," returned Léon; "but what would you have her do? Would you prefer that she should go about moaning, and depress everybody by showing a dismal face?"

"Certainly not. I was only admiring the fortitude with which she bears the neglect of an unsympathetic husband—for that, I presume, is the affliction she suffers from."

"How did you guess that?" exclaimed Léon, quite astonished at this striking proof of Saint-Luc's penetration. "But, to be sure, anybody might see how ill suited to her that dull, vulgar old man was. They have not a thought nor a taste in common; and he treats her with the most ostentatious indifference. Sometimes, when she speaks of him, she cannot restrain her tears."

"And you dry them for her? *Allons, allons*, my friend; you are accepting a part in a very old comedy. It is one that I have played more than once myself, and I know it by heart. If my own past life gave me the right to offer counsel to a young man, I should recommend you to decline such a rôle, though it involves little risk, except that of exhibiting yourself in a somewhat ridiculous aspect to your friends, so

long as you remember that you are merely acting. But if you take it into your head to be in earnest over the affair, the case is different, and you may incur a good deal of needless unhappiness. Whatever you do, don't take Madame de Trémonville seriously. Believe me, she is not worth it, and does not expect it. Amuse yourself with her, if you must; but don't put faith in all she says; above all, don't be absurd enough to fall in love with her. Formerly there were two classes of women—*dévotés* and women of the world: one knew what to expect of each of them, and suited one's conduct towards them accordingly; but in these days a third class has sprung up, and is becoming more numerous than either of the others—a class of women who are worldly without being witty; whose religion, of which they make a conspicuous display, is nothing but a superstition; who are mostly very ignorant, who have no merit, except that of dressing well, and no passions but vanity and a certain mean ambition. It is a mass of such charming creatures that forms the upper layer of fashionable society in France, under his Majesty Napoleon III., whom Heaven preserve! There are exceptions here and there, of course, but I am much mistaken if your Madame de Trémonville is one of them."

"You are a man of the world," said Léon, "and naturally know more of the state of society at large than I can pretend to do. Also, like most men of the world, you have a habit of generalising which is apt to lead you into errors with regard to individuals. You are altogether wrong, for instance, in your judgment of Madame de Trémonville, who is neither ignorant, nor vain, nor irreligious. But you can discover her true character for yourself, if you care to take the trouble: I have no particular wish to influence your opinion."

"As you please. Let us admit her to be an angel. I still don't see what good result you propose to gain by making love to her."

"I propose nothing, and I am not making love to her," answered Léon, flicking the near pony impatiently with his whip. "And, with your permission, I should prefer to change the subject."

"I told you I should make you angry," remarked Saint-Luc, as the carriage turned in at Madame de Trémonville's gates.

"I am not in the least angry," returned Léon; "but I see no use in discussing a state of affairs which does not exist—that is all."

And so he pulled up at the door of the villa; and Saint-Luc, with the conviction, common to most wise counsellors, that he might as well have held his tongue, got out and rang the bell.

The visitors were at once admitted into the presence of the lady of the house, whom they found sitting on a footstool, surrounded by officers in staff-uniforms, all of whom were busily engaged in tearing up newspapers into small scraps.

"Ah, messieurs! you arrive *à propos*," she cried. "You shall take part in our *chasse*. M. de Saint-Luc, you, no doubt, are already acquainted with the rules of the game. A bag full of paper is given to

one of the party, who represents the hare, and who starts in any direction he pleases, scattering the paper behind him. The rest, who act as hounds, follow, after the interval of a minute, upon his track, and the chase continues till the hare is caught, or the scent exhausted. The hare, if he is captured, pays fifty francs into the box which you see, for the benefit of the poor; if, on the other hand, he escape, each of the hounds must contribute twenty francs to the same object. There is also a fine of twenty francs for any hound who leaves the scent, or gives up the pursuit."

In this manner Madame de Trémonville combined amusement with benevolence. It has already been said that she was not averse to such forms of romping as she conceived to be sanctioned by the decrees of fashion; and this notion of a paper-chase, wafted to her by some echo from Compiègne, had taken her fancy as well as that of her admirers. "It will be no novelty to you, monsieur," she continued, addressing Saint-Luc; "but you will hardly expect to meet with novelty in our barbarous colony. It is something to do—one runs about and one laughs—*voilà!*"

It struck Saint-Luc as possible that one might sit still and laugh, or even sit still without laughing; either of which alternatives he would have preferred to the one suggested to him; but he was not so ungracious as to give utterance to his sentiments, and began to tear up paper with polite resignation.

"Will not you sing us something, madame, while we prepare the scent?" asked one of the officers; and Madame de Trémonville consented, without waiting to be pressed. She seated herself at the piano, and sang, with a good deal of spirit, a ballad, the words of which were hardly open to objection, though there was something in the manner of their delivery which the performer mentally qualified as "*chic*," and her audience as "*risqué*."

The officers glanced at one another and smiled furtively; Saint-Luc preserved a countenance of blank impassibility; but Léon, mindful of the conversation which had occupied his drive from the Jardin d'Essai, reddened and frowned.

Madame de Trémonville was not slow to detect these signs of displeasure. "Look at M. de Mersac!" she cried. "He is actually blushing for me. And yet I had chosen the most innocent song in my *répertoire*, out of special deference to his prejudices. M. le Marquis has lately become of a simplicity quite Arcadian. I think even that his thoughts wander sometimes to some shepherdess or other—is it not so, monsieur? Ah! you blush still more. I would stake my diamond ring against the straw hat whose brim you are trying to pull off, that you are in love."

"Then you would lose your ring, madame. I beg to assure you that I am not in the very least in love with any human creature."

Madame de Trémonville laughed. "You speak with such emphasis

that we must believe you," she said; "but you need not be angry. It is no disgrace to be in love: is it M. de Longueil? You ought to know."

"I hope not; I know it is a misfortune," replied the officer addressed, with a languishing look at his hostess.

"M. de Longueil is always in love, and is always successful—at least, so he says," continued the lady. "Ah! these *beaux sabreurs*! who can withstand them? Since his Mexican campaign, M. de Longueil has been irresistible."

The young man, who in truth had been invalided home almost immediately after his landing in Mexico, and had had to put up with some good-humoured railery from his comrades on the subject, winced perceptibly under this unexpected attack, to the great joy of his assailant. She liked to say occasional sharp things to her adorers, to hurt their feelings, and set them against one another. It was her way of paying them out for the free-and-easy fashion in which they usually treated her; and she was the more able to indulge her taste, inasmuch as she was perfectly well aware that she could at any moment, with a slight effort, disperse the clouds which her remarks might have called up. She soon found means to restore M. de Longueil to good humour; and, seeing that Léon still sat, silent and sulky, by himself, she took an opportunity to cross the room to him, and whisper confidentially, "They are so scandalous—they had remarked that you were constantly here. I was obliged to say something to divert their suspicions."

Whereupon that infatuated youth immediately recovered his spirits, and joined in the general entreaty that the paper-chase might now be allowed to begin.

Lots were drawn to decide who should first act as hare, and the lot fell upon M. de Longueil. He took up his bag and started at once through the open door, and they heard his footsteps dying away on the gravel outside, while Madame de Trémonville, watch in hand, awaited the expiration of the stipulated minute. Then, time being up, the whole party set out in hot pursuit, keeping scrupulously to the scent, and imitating, with indifferent success, the baying of a pack in full cry. Out into the blazing sunshine they rushed, helter-skelter, down the slope of the garden, through a hedge of aloes, into a narrow shady lane, still paved with the slabs which the Romans had left there in the days of Julius Cæsar; then up the hill again, panting and laughing, across a meadow, through another hedge or two, over a low wall, into the chinks of which the affrighted lizards darted, and so back to their starting-point. Madame de Trémonville kept the lead with Léon at her elbow; the others were close behind; and far in the rear Saint-Luc, who had no special aptitude for playing the fool, trotted resignedly, emitting from time to time, as in duty bound, a brief, mournful bark. The hare was now in sight, and, confident in his powers of outstripping his pursuers, began to amuse himself by doubling, passing within a foot or two of the distressed pack, and stimulating their ardour with sundry insulting jeers.

But his triumph was short. Looking over his shoulder to fling back a derisive shout, he stumbled on the edge of a flower-bed, and, falling prone into a cluster of rose-bushes, was ignominiously captured by Madame de Trémonville, to whom he ruefully handed over his fine of fifty francs.

Fate now selected as victim M. de Saint-Luc, who promptly offered to pay fine in default; but this proposition being received with marked disfavour, he was fain to accept the bag of paper handed to him; his disgust being somewhat mitigated by the permission accorded to his request that he might, if he so pleased, confine his progress to the house. For he thought, "So long as I remain within four walls, I shall at least escape the risk of sunstroke, and, what is more important, I shall be in no danger of being seen in this very ridiculous position by any chance acquaintance who may be passing in the neighbourhood."

He left behind him, therefore, a tortuous track, leading now into one room, now into another, out into the verandah and back again, and finally up the staircase. It was not until he had darted in and out of M. de Trémonville's dressing-room, and was becoming hard pressed by the hounds, who, with shouts of laughter were following closely upon his heels, that a happy inspiration occurred to him. Why should he not escape from the house, run down to the high road, beyond which nobody would be likely to follow him, and so slip quietly down home? Full of this idea, he dashed down the stairs, three steps at the time, flung open the front door, and—plunged headlong into the arms of Madame de Vaublanc, who, in her very best clothes, was coming to pay a visit of ceremony after the ball.

"*Mais, monsieur!*" shrieked that astonished lady, reeling back and involuntarily ringing a tremendous peal with the bell-handle which she had grasped for support.

Saint-Luc felt it to be rather hard luck that Madame de Vaublanc should have chosen that day of all others for paying her respects at the Villa de Trémonville; but it was worse that she should have brought Mademoiselle de Mersac with her; and what was worst of all was, that his lively hostess, unconscious of the appearance of any fresh personages upon the scene, must needs bounce out through the half-open door, and fling her arms round him with a cry of triumph. Léon, who, as usual, was following close upon her heels, opened his mouth to re-echo the shout, but shut it again abruptly when he became aware of his sister's calm brown eyes fixed upon him in wondering interrogation. The rest of the pack, having had time to perceive the state of affairs, quietly and discreetly vanished.

There was a brief, uncomfortable pause, during which the five persons who stood face to face in the full light of the sinking sun, contemplated one another with varied feelings. Léon looked, as he felt, very much like a schoolboy caught out of bounds; Madame de Trémonville, for once in her life, was a little disconcerted; Saint-Luc leant against the wall, with folded arms, the picture of calm despair; and Jeanne, remem-

bering the promise she had extorted from this unfortunate delinquent, was at no pains to hide the disgust and contempt with which his duplicity filled her. Only Madame de Vaublanc, scrutinising the flushed cheeks and disordered hair of her enemy, smiled with grim satisfaction, and sang an inward pæan at the shrine of Nemesis the Just.

"An orgy, mesdames—a veritable orgy!" she hissed, describing the scene subsequently to an eager circle of listeners. "If you had seen her, with her hair down her back and her eyes blazing, clutch M. de Saint-Luc round the neck, you would have thought, as I declare I did for a moment, that she had gone out of her mind. The poor Vicomte, who did not appear to enjoy his position, fumbled in his pocket and handed her two or three napoleons. It was to save himself from some penalty, I presume—though what worse punishment he could have feared than being embraced by that woman, I do not pretend to say. You will easily believe that I declined to enter the house, though she recovered herself, after a minute, and begged us to do so, suggesting even, in the insolent manner that you know of, that we should join in the game we had interrupted. 'Many thanks, madame,' said I; 'but, from what I have seen of your game, it seems to me to be one fitted neither for old women nor for young girls!' And with that I took my leave. The two gentlemen followed immediately, and caught us up before we were out of the avenue. I was glad to see that they both looked very much ashamed of themselves."

Ashamed of themselves they undoubtedly were, but in very different degrees of intensity. Léon's humiliation was lessened by a strong admixture of that odd pride which youths of all nations would appear to take in publicly exposing their idiocy where a pretty woman is concerned; whereas that of Saint-Luc contained no consoling element whatever, and was the more bitter because he felt it to be wholly undeserved.

It was in the hope of exculpating himself in some degree, that he hurried after Madame de Vaublanc and Jeanne.

"You are taking the wrong turning, M. de Saint-Luc," said the latter lady. "Our road leads directly away from the town."

"I am going to make my way back by El Biar and the Frais Vallon," he explained. "It is a much prettier walk."

To this Jeannie vouchsafed no rejoinder; and, somehow or other, Saint-Luc found himself presently walking beside slow-paced Madame de Vaublanc, while the two tall figures of Mademoiselle de Mersac and her brother were drawing rapidly away in front. It is highly improbable that he would have got speech of Jeanne again that day, if the old lady at his side had not happened to be cognisant of the Duchess's wishes with respect to him, and a staunch supporter of them. As it was, she soon gave him his opportunity.

"Stop, my children, stop!" she cried, when they reached the entrance of a narrow stony lane; "let us take the short cut."

"You will find it rough walking, madame," said Jeanne, doubtfully.
 "Eh, mon Dieu ! I prefer spoiling my boots to making a circuit of two miles. M. le Marquis will kindly lend me the support of his arm, I have no doubt."

And so, the path being too narrow to admit of more than two persons walking abreast, Jeanne had to fall back, and accept Saint-Luc's society, whether she liked it or not. Silently they scrambled over the rocks and boulders, Saint-Luc offering an assisting hand from time to time, and being as often politely but firmly waved aside. At length he stopped short, and faced his companion.

"Mademoiselle," said he.

"Monsieur."

"You are angry with me."

"I assure you I was not thinking about you."

She looked down upon him from the rocky ledge upon which she was standing. A tangled growth of cactus and myrtle and asphodel, over-spread with festoons of the pale green clematis, rose behind her, and from between the silvery leaves of the olive-tree over her head rays of sunlight streamed down and made moving patterns of light and shade upon her white dress. Her beautiful lips were curved into a smile of innocent candour, into which a touch of perfect disdain had somehow found its way. It was not the least strange feature in Saint-Luc's infatuation that the small stabs which Jeanne was always inflicting upon him never angered, but only hurt him. In the old Paris days he had not borne the reputation of a man easily snubbed, and had never failed to hold his own against any man or woman who had shown a disposition to attack him ; but he had no retort ready now, and had no wish to seek for one. He resumed, quite humbly, "I ought perhaps to have said that, as far as appearances go, you have reason to be angry with me. I promised, you know, to try and keep your brother away from Madame de Trémonville, and in truth I have done what I could. I was speaking to him about her this very afternoon, and my visit to her was meant to be as much one of ceremony as your own. I certainly should not have gone, if I had had any idea that I should be forced into playing that ridiculous game."

"Why should you not play any game that you find amusing?" returned Jeanne, indifferently. "It was foolish in me to speak to you about Léon and Madame de Trémonville at all. Will you please forget that I ever said anything upon the subject?"

"Just as you please, mademoiselle ; but why do you say that your speaking to me was foolish?"

"I will say useless, if you prefer it. Pray let us talk no more about it."

Saint-Luc was silent for a few minutes ; then he broke out abruptly—"Why do you mistrust me so, mademoiselle ? I could not prevent your brother from calling upon Madame de Trémonville this afternoon.

I told him what I thought of her, and advised him to drop her acquaintance. What more could I, or any one, do? I have been unfortunate enough to incur your dislike: I have seen that for some time, and have no right to complain of it; but at least I have never given you any reason to suppose that I do not tell the truth. What makes you think so ill of me?"

Jeanne had resumed her march; but she faced about upon this challenge. "It is not that I dislike or distrust you, M. de Saint-Luc," she said; "and I don't think that you mean unkindly towards Léon; but sometimes I feel afraid for him—he has changed so much of late. After what you have said, I am sure that you have done your best to warn him, though I confess I did not think so just now. But I suppose the truth is, that Léon has reached an age at which warnings are not of much service. He is at an age, too, when young men generally imitate those about them."

"I understand. And I am not an example to be imitated. You are perfectly right, mademoiselle; no one could have wasted his life more hopelessly than I have done; also no one could be more conscious of his worthlessness than I am. At the same time, I don't think your brother has learnt much harm from me since I have been here. The only bad habit of any sort or kind that he has seen me indulge in is occasional gambling; and if you wish it, I will gladly promise you now never to touch a card again so long as I am in Algiers."

"No, no!" she interrupted, hastily; "let us have no promises. Who knows whether it would be possible to keep them? I cannot expect you to change all your habits to suit my convenience; and, indeed, I should not wish it. We will try to be better friends for the future," she added, extending her hand to him frankly.

He took it, held it in his own for a second, and then let it fall. It was probably the very first time in his life that he had allowed a woman's hand to escape from his possession without a pressure.

"You know that the will is not wanting on my part," he answered, in a low voice.

Her brow clouded, but cleared again almost at once, and she looked at him not unkindly.

"I wish——" she began, and then broke off.

And Saint-Luc never knew in what manner she had intended to finish her sentence; for at that moment Madame de Vaublanc's shrill voice was heard calling, "Jeanne, make haste! you will keep Madame la Duchesse waiting for dinner." And so the colloquy came to an end.

CHAPTER IX.

GRANDE KABYLIE.

IN selecting for narration a portion out of the lives of certain people, and endeavouring to interest others therein, the veracious historian is apt, ere long, to find himself hemmed in between two difficulties. For whereas if, upon the one hand, he attempt to follow the subjects of his story through those uneventful scenes in which, generally speaking, their desires, their characters, and their destinies slowly develop themselves, he is in danger of becoming tedious to his readers; it is certain, upon the other, that if he pass over such periods in silence, he must risk the charge of inconsequence. The former peril appearing, all things considered, the more formidable of the two, it seems wisest to the present chronicler to dismiss in as few sentences as may be all account of the months of April and May, 1870—precisely the two months, as it happens, of which the personages with whom he is concerned have since declared that they cherish a keener, fonder memory than of any other period of their career.

The fact is, that nothing whatever took place during these two months but what might have been anticipated from the outset. Barrington finished his picture, began a second one, and established himself upon a footing of complete intimacy at the Campagne de Mersac; Léon went on flirting foolishly with Madame de Trémonville; Saint-Luc, though more at his ease with Jeanne, and more kindly received by her after the conversation recorded in the last chapter, made but little advance towards the fulfilment of his hopes; the Duchess and M. de Fontvieille continued their abortive support of the luckless suitor; and old Time plodded on in his dogged, relentless way, bringing all of them nearer and nearer to the inevitable end. Here is an extract from Barrington's correspondence—the last with which the reader shall be troubled—whence the results of eight weeks of glorious weather, combined with lamentable supineness on the part of those who should have been able to exercise some control over the march of events, may be succinctly gleaned.

"Your last letter tickled me immensely. That you should claim credit for penetration in having discovered the very thing that I have been laboriously striving for some time past to make clear to you, is such a good joke that I am sure you will never see the point of it. 'Mark my words,' you observe in that pithy and sagacious style which is all your own, 'you are falling in love with that Mademoiselle Thingummy; and if I don't see you home before the Derby is run, I shall look upon your case as a hopeless one!' I had been laughing at your letter from the commencement; but when I reached that sentence, I positively roared. Why, my dear, good soul, of course I am in love with Made-

moiselle de Mersac (of whom, by the way, I will thank you not to speak as 'Mademoiselle Thingummy' again). The indisputable fact that nobody could be as much in her society as I have been without falling in love with her, is one with which you cannot be expected to be acquainted; but if you haven't burnt my previous letters, and will refer back to them, you will surely admit that I have never drawn the thinnest veil over my attachment—or at least, if I have (for I don't exactly remember all I may have said), it has been one that any fool might have seen through. Heavens and earth! what is it that makes people talk of love as though there were something ridiculous in it—something to be ashamed of? Is it ignorance, or folly, or envy? Ignorance it cannot be, for everybody must have been in love at least once; in your case, I should imagine it to be a mixture of the two latter causes. Come, old fellow, you and I have been friends ever since we wore jackets and turn-down collars, and played fives against the chapel-wall on Saturday afternoons, because we were too small to be allowed possession of one of the fives-courts; we have wintered one another and summered one another, and I have a right to put any question I please to you, and to expect a truthful reply. Divest yourself for a few minutes of your twopenny-halfpenny cynicism, and tell me honestly—Wouldn't you give a year's income to be in love yourself? Wouldn't your heart leap with joy if you could feel again the delicious tremors, the exquisite joys, the doubts, the fears, the hopes of bygone days? Wouldn't you, if you could, choose to live again, in a queer, delightful, glorified world, inhabited, for all practical purposes, by one person only besides yourself? Wouldn't you, on the approach of that person, like to experience a certain odd spasm, half painful, half delightful, somewhere about the middle of your waistcoat?—it is a physical sensation, and you know it as well as I do, if your memory is not growing feeble. Ah, my dear old boy, there's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream! Love's middle-aged dream is a very close imitation of it—*experto crede!* Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story! What are honours and wealth and gratified ambition in comparison with this divine ecstasy? It is a disease, you will grant. I don't say no; but it is sent straight from heaven.

Oh, Fame, if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

You will perhaps pardon my bursting into poetry; it is a trick incidental to my condition. I see you reading this in your arm-chair at the club, doubled up with merriment, your long nose almost touching your chin, as it does in moments when you are enjoying a fancied superiority over one of your fellow-creatures. My dear fellow, you are most heartily welcome to your joke. Your correspondence is often so irresistibly comical to me, that it would be hard indeed if I were to grudge you an

occasional chuckle; and in the present instance I can't help thinking that I have the best of the laugh.

"Yes, I am in love with Jeanne de Mersac; and I rejoice in being so! Your sage and trite warnings against what you are pleased to term a 'romantic marriage with a foreigner,' and your doubts as to how a Frenchwoman and a Catholic would be received by the society of Surrey, are altogether irrelevant to the subject, and I am not going to discuss their soundness. The notion that love and marriage are inseparably connected, and that the one is invariably and necessarily a prelude to the other, always seems to me to arise out of a certain vulgarity of mind. You, who are nothing if not conventional, probably hold a different opinion; but really, if you will think for a moment of the refining, ennobling influence of love—of how it takes us out of ourselves and raises us above the level of this commonplace, sordid world; and if you will then consider the perfectly earthly character of marriage, with its dull respectabilities and tedious monotony—you will perceive the bathos of degrading the former into a mere stepping-stone towards the latter.

Ach! des Lebens schönste Feier
Endigt auch den Lebensmai
Mit dem Gürtel, mit dem Schleier
Reizt der schöne Wahn entzwei!

I don't, of course, mean to assert that a man should not marry the woman he loves, or even that matters may not end that way in my own case; I simply say that love is enough. I decline to be worried with remote contingencies. I fall down and worship at the feet of this beautiful goddess; I bask in the sunshine of her smiles, and I am content. I don't know, and don't want to know, towards what rocks and shoals I may be drifting. I have not even the slightest clue as to the state of her feelings towards myself. I know that she *likes* me, but more than that I cannot say. Sometimes I get a look or a word which makes me tremble with hope; sometimes I am greeted with the most discouraging friendliness. I accept it all with such equanimity as I can muster; and am thankful that at least I am spared the pangs of jealousy; for my one rival (that Saint-Luc of whom I have already written to you) is scarcely formidable. I pity that poor devil. I don't like him, as I think I have said before, but I am genuinely sorry for him. He is a man with whom you would find yourself in complete sympathy, for his love is of that uncompromising kind which leads direct to the Mairie and the altar, and will be satisfied with nothing less. Humility appears to be his idea of courtship. In Jeanne's presence he is silent, and rather awkward. He gazes at her with great eyes of despair, he agrees with every word that she utters, and he sends her bouquets three or four times a week. Bouquets! That of itself is sufficient to stamp the man, and to show how little he understands the lady whose affections he hopes to captivate. Cut flowers, if you like—though she has more roses in her own garden

than she knows what to do with ; but bouquets—stiff, accurate bouquets—arranged by means of wires and surrounded by a border of perforated paper—to *her* ! But what can you expect of a man who says, ‘Mademoiselle, permit me to congratulate you upon your exquisite toilette !’ or, ‘Mademoiselle, allow me to offer you my compliments upon your charming coiffure !’ and then imagines that he has made himself agreeable ? I think she would hate him, but for her goodness and generosity. I can’t believe that anything would ever induce her to become his wife, though all her friends and relations favour the match, and make no secret of their wishes.

“It is not likely that you will see me at the Derby this year. I don’t care a brass farthing what wins, and shall not take advantage of your tip about Macgregor. The life which I am now leading—and which entirely satisfies my soul—has interests independent of horse-racing ; and, indeed, of the world (in your sense of the word) altogether. I very seldom glance at a newspaper. I haven’t the faintest idea of what is taking place in the Parliament of Great Britain ; it is as much as I can do to get up a feeble excitement over the Emperor’s *plébiscite*, which is making a great stir in this rather Radical community. You ask how I manage to kill time, and whether I have had any sport. Well, I have shot a wild boar and an eagle and an old Kabyle woman whom I peppered about the legs in mistake for a quail, and who raised no end of a hullabaloo, refusing to be pacified at any less price than a hundred francs ; but the fact is, I don’t care about going very far away from the town. I have always plenty to do ; and, whether it is the delicious climate, or whether it is the result of my mental condition, I can’t say, but I am always in the best of health and spirits. I begin to whistle quite naturally as soon as I wake in the morning. I get up and have a bathe in the sea ; then I come home to breakfast ; then I paint a little ; and then I pretty generally ride up to El Biar, where the De Mersacs live. There is often a dance somewhere in the evening. Failing that, I play a game or two of billiards with one or other of the young French officers quartered here—not half bad fellows, by the way—or else I climb up the narrow streets of the old town and get a peep at some weird Moorish ceremony or *fête*. I have no plans at present, and have no wish to form any. It is possible that I may be home for Ascot, but it is not probable. I suppose the heat will drive me north eventually ; but, as far as I can see, there will be no necessity for a move on that score for some time to come ; and I don’t see why I should pack up before I am obliged. The London season has no temptations for me. Indeed, setting aside all personal feeling in the matter, I am convinced that Algiers is an infinitely more agreeable place of residence in the month of May than London.”

Here we may take leave of Mr. Barrington’s rather long-winded narrative. The impression produced by it upon the mind of its recipient was one which may very possibly be shared in by the reader. “Just

like Barrington!" he muttered, as he restored the bulky epistle to its envelope. "For a man who goes in for philanthropy and that kind of thing, I must say he is about the most selfish beggar out. Making love is very good fun, as everybody knows; but, hang it all! if a man don't mean anything by it, it's deuced hard lines on the girl."

Mademoiselle de Mersac would have been very much astonished if this expression of opinion could have reached her ears. That her peace of mind was likely to become in any way endangered through the proximity of Mr. Barrington was a notion which certainly had not as yet suggested itself to her. She had liked him from the outset; he belonged to a different species from that of the men who had hitherto come in her way; she fancied, rightly or wrongly, that he was more honest and manly than they; and, as she grew to know him better, her liking for him increased, till his visits became almost a necessary part of her daily life. She knew also, of course, that he admired her. But from admiration, or liking, to love is a long step, and Jeanne did not choose to think that Mr. Barrington had taken it—much less that she could have done so herself.

So, as the Duchess had a happy faculty of disbelieving in inconvenient potentialities; as M. de Fontvieille found it wisest, as a general thing, to hold the same opinions as the Duchess; as Léon was too much occupied with his own concerns to keep a watchful eye upon those of his sister; and, as Saint-Luc had no power to speak a warning word, it came to pass that Barrington arrived at the Campagne de Mersac every day as regularly as the post, and that poor M. de Saint-Luc, who never ventured to present himself more than twice in the course of a week, invariably found his rival installed in the drawing-room when he was announced, and was not unfrequently rade to feel that his entrance had interrupted a pleasant conversation.

In the first days of June, when the Hôtel d'Orient and the Hôtel de la Régence had bidden adieu to the last of their winter guests; when the Governor-General had migrated from the town to his fairy-like palace on the leafy heights of Mustapha; when the smaller fry of officials were, in imitation of him and in preparation for the hot season, transplanting themselves and their families to the coolest attainable villas; when the aloes were in flower and the air was full of a hundred faint scents, and the corn and barley fields were very nearly ripe for the sickle—at the time of year, in short, when the luxuriant life and rich beauty of Algeria were at their climax—it occurred to Léon that it would be a good thing to make a journey into Kabylia. For in the grassy plains of that region, near the first spurs of the great Djurdjura range, dwelt one Señor Lopez, a Spanish colonist and a breeder of horses, who was generally open to a deal, and who, at this particular time, had a nice lot of foals on hand, out of some of which a discriminating young man might see his way to make honest profit. But as few people, be they never so self-confident, like to rely upon their own judgment alone in so delicate a matter as the pur-

chase of a foal, Léon conceived it to be a *sine quâ non* that his sister should accompany him. And then M. de Saint-Luc, hearing of the projected expedition, must needs declare that he could not possibly leave Algeria without revisiting the scene of his former campaigns, and that the opportunity of doing so in congenial society was one that he would not miss for any imaginable consideration. After which, oddly enough, Mr. Barrington, too, found out that to make acquaintance with the mountain scenery of Kabylia had always been one of his fondest dreams, and added—why not push on a little farther, and see some of the hill-villages and the famous Fort Napoléon?

Neither Léon nor Jeanne offered any objection to this plan; but when it was communicated to the Duchess, she held up her hands in horror and amazement.

"And your chaperon, mademoiselle?" she ejaculated. And the truth is that both the young folks had overlooked this necessary addition to their party.

Now, as the Duchess herself would no more have thought of undertaking a weary drive of three or four days' duration over stony places than of ordering a fiery chariot to drive her straight to heaven, and as no other available lady of advanced years could be discovered, it seemed, for a time, as if either Mademoiselle de Mersac or her two admirers would have to remain in Algiers; but at the last moment a *deus ex machina* was found in the person of M. de Fontvieille, who announced his willingness to join the party, and who, as Léon politely remarked, when he was out of ear-shot, was, to all intents and purposes, as good as any old woman.

Poor old M. de Fontvieille! Nobody thanked him for what was an act of pure good-nature and self-sacrifice—nobody, at least, except Jeanne, who, by way of testifying her gratitude, spent a long morning with him, examining his collection of gems and listening to the oft-told tale of their several acquisitions, and, at the end, presented him with an exquisite Marshal Niel rose-bud for his button-hole.

"Ah, mademoiselle," said he, as he pinned the flower into his coat, "you do well to reserve your roses for old men, who appreciate such gifts at their right value. Give none to the young fellows; it would only increase their vanity, which is great enough already."

"I never give roses to anybody," said Jeanne.

"So much the better. Continue, my child, to observe that wise rule. And remember that if the Lily of France is a stiffer flower than the Rose of England, it is still our own, and French women ought to love it best."

"What do you mean?" asked Jeanne, who objected to insinuations.

"I mean nothing, my dear; lilies, I am aware, are out of fashion; choose violets, if you prefer them," answered the old gentleman, with a chuckle.

And Jeanne, having no rejoinder ready, took up her sunshade in dignified silence, and went home.

In the garden she met Barrington and Léon, and to them she communicated her design for the journey in her usual brief, authoritative fashion. "We will take the light carriage," she said. "Pierre Cauvin can drive us; and M. de Fontvieille, Mr. Barrington, and I can occupy it. M. de Saint-Luc can ride with you, Léon."

"But I think Saint-Luc would like to drive part of the way," answered Léon.

"Oh, no; why should he? He is sure to prefer riding."

"We can change about," said Barrington, magnanimously; and then the subject dropped.

But when the appointed day came, M. de Saint-Luc rode up to the door, with a very long face, and announced that it would be impossible for him to leave Algiers for the next forty-eight hours at least. "An old friend and brother-officer of mine arrived from Oran last night," he said. "He has made a *détour* on his way back to France on purpose to see me, and he would not like me to go away immediately."

"Of course you could not think of such a thing," Jeanne answered, decisively; "but you will be able to go into Kabylia some other time; it will not be at all too hot for another month at least."

The Vicomte made a grimace. "If I do not go with you, Kabylia will have to make its arrangements for doing without me this year," he said. "I suppose—I suppose you could not postpone your departure for a day or two?"

"Oh, no; I am afraid not. Léon has made an appointment with Señor Lopez."

"Then I can only trust to overtaking you before you have finished your tour. I shall start on horseback as soon as my friend leaves, and, as I suppose you will stay a day or two at Fort Napoléon, I may perhaps have the good fortune to find you there—that is, if you do not object to my following you."

"Not in the least," replied Jeanne, not very cordially; "but it will be hardly worth while—will it?"

"If you were going to the Cape of Good Hope, instead of to Fort Napoléon, I should think it worth while to follow you," said poor Saint-Luc.

Whereupon Jeanne turned impatiently away.

An hour later, she and Barrington were seated opposite to one another in the dilapidated *waggonette* which Léon used for country journeys. It was an ancient vehicle, with patched cushions and travel-stained leather roof and curtains; but its springs were strong, and it had outlived the jolts and shocks of many an unmetalled road and stony watercourse. Jeanne loved it for association's sake; and Barrington, in his then state of mind, would not have changed it for the car of Aurora.

It is eight years or more since Mr. Barrington was borne swiftly along the dusty road which leads eastward from Algiers, in that shabby old *shandrydan*—and in eight years, the doctors tell us, our whole outer man

has been renewed, so that the being which calls itself I to-day inhabits a changed prison from that which it dwelt in ninety-six months ago, and will, if it survive, occupy ninety-six months hence. Mental statistics are less easy to arrive at, and it may be that our minds are not as subject to the inexorable law of change as our bodies. Barrington, at all events, whose views upon more subjects than one have unquestionably become modified by the lapse of eight years, still asserts, in confidential moments, that he looks back upon that drive into Kabylia as the happiest episode in his existence. "Life," he says, in that melancholy tone which perfectly prosperous men have a trick of assuming, "is a dull enough business, take it all in all; but it has its good days here and there." And then he sighs, and puffs silently at his cigar for a minute or two. "Old de Fontvieille sat on the box," he goes on presently, "and talked to the driver. Young De Mersac had ridden ahead, and she and I were as completely alone together as if we had been upon a desert island. It was a situation in which human nature instinctively shakes itself free of common-place conventionality. We did not flirt—thank Heaven, we were neither of us so *vulgar* as to think of flirting!—but we talked together as freely and naturally as Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden." And then he generally heaves another sigh, and rhapsodises on and on till, patient as one is, one has to remind him that it is long past bedtime.

As (to use a hackneyed illustration) the traveller looks back upon distant purple mountains, forgetting, as he contemplates their soft beauty, the roughness of the track by which he crossed them, so Barrington recalls the happy bygone days of his Kabyle journey, and ignores the petty annoyances which somewhat marred his enjoyment of it while it lasted. To hear him talk, you would think that the sun had never been too hot, nor the roads too dusty, during that memorable excursion; that good food was obtainable at every halting-place, and that he had never had cause to complain of the accommodation provided for him for the night. Time has blotted out from his mental vision all retrospect of dirt, bad food, and the virulent attacks of the African flea—a most malignant insect—*impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer*—an animal who dies as hard as a rhinoceros, and is scarcely less venomous than a mosquito. He dwells not now upon the horrors of his first night at Bou-Douaou, during which he sat up in bed, through long wakeful hours, doggedly scattering insecticide among his savage assailants, and producing about as much effect thereby as a man slinging stones at an ironclad might do. The place where there was nothing but briny bacon to eat, the place where there was nothing but a broken-down billiard-table and a rug to sleep upon, and the place where there was nothing to drink, except bad absinthe—all these have faded out of his recollection. But, in truth, these small discomforts were soon forgotten, even at the time.

For when the baking plain was left behind, and the travellers stood upon the windy summit of the Col Ben-Aicha, with Great Kabylia beneath their feet, and the tumbled mass of the Djurdjura mountains, towering,

snow-crowned, against a cloudless sky, before them, even M. de Fontvieille—no great enthusiast in respect of scenery—was fain to confess that so magnificent a prospect and such a strong, bracing air were well worth the inconvenience it had cost him to obtain them ; while Barrington broke forth into the most exaggerated expressions of eulogy, gladdening thereby the heart of Jeanne, who felt something of the pride of ownership in the beauty of her beloved Algeria.

When Thomas of Ercildoune took his famous ride with the Queen of the Fairies, and reached a region unknown to man, it will be remembered that the fair lady drew rein for a few minutes and indicated to her companion the various paths that lay before them. There was the thorny way of righteousness and the broad road of iniquity—neither of which have ever been found entirely free from drawbacks by mortals—but besides these, there was a third path.

O see ye not that bonny road,
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

And Thomas seems to have offered no objection to his leader's choice.

Even so Barrington, though capable of distinguishing between broad and narrow paths, and their respective goals ; capable also—which is perhaps more to the purpose—of forecasting the results of prudence and folly, chose at this time to close his eyes, and wander, with Jeanne, into that fairy-land of which every man gets a glimpse in his time, though few have the good fortune to linger within its precincts as long as did Thomas the Rhymer.

And so there came to him five days of which he will probably never see the like again. Five days of glowing sunshine ; five luminous, starlit nights—eighty hours, more or less (making deductions for sleeping time) of unreasoning, unthinking, unmixed happiness—such was Barrington's share of Fairyland—and a very fair share too, as the world goes. He would be puzzled now—and indeed, for that matter, he would have been puzzled a week after the excursion—to give any accurate description of the country between Algiers and Fort Napoléon. The sum of his reminiscences was that, in the dewy mornings and the cool evenings, he drove through a wooded, hilly country with Jeanne ; that he rested in the noonday heat at spacious whitewashed caravanserais or small wayside taverns, and talked to Jeanne ; that her tall, graceful figure was the first sight he saw in the morning and the last at night ; that he never left her side for more than ten minutes at a time ; that he discovered some fresh charm in her with each succeeding hour ; and that when he arrived at Fort Napoléon, and the limit of his wanderings, he was as completely and irretrievably in love as ever man was.

In truth, the incidents of the journey were well calculated to enhance the mixture of admiration and reverence with which Barrington had regarded Mademoiselle de Mersac from the moment of his first meeting with

her. Her progress through Kabylia was like that of a gracious queen among her subjects. The swarthy Kabyle women, to whom she spoke in their own language, and for the benefit of whose ragged children she had provided herself with a multitude of toys, broke into shrill cries of welcome when they recognised her; the sparse French colonists, at whose farms she stopped, came out to greet her with smiles upon their careworn faces; at the caravanserai of the Issers, where some hundreds of Arabs were assembled for the weekly market, the Caïd of the tribe, a stately grey-bearded patriarch, who wore the star of the Legion of Honour upon his white burnous, stepped out from his tent, as she approached, and, bowing profoundly, took her hand and raised it to his forehead; even the villanous, low-browed, thin-lipped Spanish countenance of Señor Lopez assumed an expression of deprecating amiability when she addressed him; he faltered in the tremendous lies which, from mere force of habit, he felt constrained to utter about the pedigree of his colts; his sly little beady eyes dropped before her great grave ones, he listened silently while she pointed out the inconsistencies of his statements, and finally made a far worse bargain with M. Léon than he had expected or intended to do.

And if anything more had been needed to complete Barrington's subjugation, the want would have been supplied by Jeanne's demeanour towards himself. Up to the time of this memorable journey she had treated him with a perceptible measure of caprice, being kind or cold as the humour took her—sometimes receiving him as an old friend, sometimes as a complete stranger, and even snubbing him without mercy, upon one or two occasions. It was her way to behave so towards all men, and she had not seen fit to exempt Mr. Barrington altogether from the common lot of his fellows. But now—perhaps because she had escaped from the petty trammels and irritations of every-day life, perhaps because the free air of the mountains which she loved disposed her to cast aside formality, or perhaps from causes unacknowledged by herself—her intercourse with the Englishman assumed a wholly new character. She wandered willingly with him into those quaint Kabyle villages which stand each perched upon the apex of a conical hill—villages which took a deal of fighting to capture, and might have to be taken all over again, so Léon predicted, one fine day; she stood behind him and looked over his shoulder while he dashed off hasty likenesses of such of the natives as he could induce, by means of bribes, to overcome their strong natural aversion to having their portraits taken; she never seemed to weary of his company; and if there was still an occasional touch of condescension in her manner, it is probable that Barrington, feeling as he then did, held such manifestations to be only fitting and natural as coming from her to him.

And then, by degrees, there sprang up between them a kind of mutual understanding, an intuitive perception of each other's thoughts and wishes, and a habit of covertly alluding to small matters and small jokes

unknown to either of their companions. And sometimes their eyes met for a second, and often an unintelligible smile appeared upon the lips of the one to be instantaneously reflected upon those of the other. All of which things were perceived by the observant M. de Fontvieille, and caused him to remark aloud every night, in the solitude of his own chamber, before going to bed: "Madame, I was not the instigator of this expedition; on the contrary, I warned you against it. I had no power and no authority to prevent its consequences, and I wash my hands of them."

The truth is, that the poor old gentleman was looking forward with some trepidation to an interview with the Duchess which his prophetic soul saw looming in the future.

Fort Napoléon, frowning down from its rocky eminence upon subjugated Kabylia, is the most important fortress of that once turbulent country, and is rather a military post than a town or village. It has, however, a modicum of civilian inhabitants, dwelling in neat little white houses on either side of a broad street, and at the eastern end of the street a small church has been erected. Thither Jeanne betook herself, one evening, at the hour of the Ave Maria, as her custom was. The sun was sinking in the glow of a cloudless sky; the breeze, which had rioted all day among the heights, had died away into a dead calm, and the universal rest and silence was broken only by the ting-ting of the little church-bell—

Che paia il giorno pianger che si muore.

Jeanne passed in to her devotions, and the heretic Englishman lounged at the door and listened to the slumberous droning of the priest within. After a time the voice ceased, and then the worshippers—two or three old crones and a couple of black-robed Sisters of Charity—trooped out, and passed away down the sunny street. Then there was unbroken stillness for five minutes; and then the door swung back on its hinges, and Jeanne emerged from the gloom of the church and met the dazzling blaze of the sunset, which streamed full upon her, making her cast her eyes upon the ground.

She paused for a moment upon the threshold, and as she stood there, with her pale face, her drooped eyelids, and a sweet, grave smile upon her lips, Barrington, whose imagination was for ever playing him tricks, mentally likened her to one of Fra Angelico's angels. She did not in reality resemble one of those ethereal beings much more than she did the heathen goddess to whom he had once before compared her; but something of the sanctity of the church seemed to cling about her, and that, together with the tranquillity of the hour, kept Barrington silent for a few minutes after they had walked away side by side. It was not until they had reached the western ramparts, and, leaning over them, were gazing down into purple valleys lying in deep shade beneath the glowing hill-tops, that he opened his lips.

"So we really go back again to-morrow," he sighed.

"Yes, to-morrow," she answered, absently.

"Back to civilisation—back to the dull, monotonous world! What a bore it all is! I wish I could stay here for ever!"

"What? You would like to spend the rest of your life at Fort Napoléon?" said Jeanne, with a smile. "How long would it take you to tire of Kabylia? A week—two weeks? Not perhaps so much."

"Of what does not one tire in time?" he answered. "I have tried most things, and have found them all tolerably wearisome in the end. But there is one thing of which I could never tire."

"And that?"—inquired Jeanne, facing him with raised eyebrows of calm interrogation.

He had been going to say "Your society;" but somehow he felt ashamed to utter so feeble a commonplace, and substituted for it, rather tamely, "My friends."

"Ah! there are many people who tire of them also, after a time," remarked Jeanne. "As for me, I have so few friends," she added, a little sadly.

"I hope you will always think of me as one of those few," said Barrington.

"You? Oh, yes, if you wish it," she answered, rather hurriedly. Then, as if desiring to change the subject, "How quiet everything is!" she exclaimed. "Quite in the distance I can hear that there is somebody riding up the hill from Tizi-Ouzou; listen!"

Barrington bent his ear forward, and managed just to distinguish the faint ringing of a horse's hoofs upon the road far below. Presently even this scarcely perceptible sound died away, and a universal hush brooded over the earth and air. Then, for a long time, neither of them spoke again—Jeanne because her thoughts were wandering; Barrington because he was half afraid of what he might say if he trusted himself to open his lips.

The sun dipped behind the mountain ridge; a little breeze rose, shivered, and fell, and then the galloping of a horse smote once more loud and clear upon the ears of the listeners. Nearer and nearer it sounded, till at last horse and rider shot out from behind a shoulder of rock directly beneath them; showed, for a moment, huge and black, against the ruddy sky; and then, clattering under the arched gateway of the town, disappeared.

"It is M. de Saint-Luc!" ejaculated Jeanne, in a tone of some dismay.

And Barrington, beneath his breath, muttered "Hang him!" with most heartfelt emphasis.

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